

HISTORIC GRAVES IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY



R. J. O'DUFFY

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BY

R. J. O'DUFFY,

EDITOR OF

"Diarmuid and Grainne;" "Fate of the Sons of Uisneach;"
"Children of Lir;" and "Fate of the Children of Tuireann."

"The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast."

—J. K. Ingram: *"The Memory of the Dead."*

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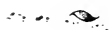
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MAP OF CEMETERY			<i>Facing Title</i>

* The asterisk indicates that there is no monument over the grave.



INTRODUCTORY.

GLASNEVIN CEMETERY, two miles from the General Post Office, Dublin, was opened for interments in 1832. Golden Bridge Cemetery, on the south-west of the city, had been opened two years previously, owing chiefly to the exertions of Daniel O'Connell, who saw his co-religionists mulcted in the payment of excessive burial fees, and hampered in their spiritual ministrations at the graveside by the wanton interference of a privileged and bigoted ascendancy. The demands made on Golden Bridge became so numerous that it became necessary to acquire new ground, and a few acres at the junction of the roads leading to the villages of Glasnevin and Finglas, on the north-east of the city, were purchased. Toll gates were in existence at this point, and to avoid the payment of the tax on carriages, at once numerous, heavy and vexatious, it was decided, on the advice of O'Connell, to make a new cut between these two roads to the new graveyard. Prospect Avenue was the result of this bold stroke to evade an Act of Parliament. Through this avenue all funerals

wended their destined way until the present entrance on the Finglas Road was made available, and the days of the toll-gatherers had been numbered. Year by year the increase in the population of the city, and the closing of Golden Bridge to further interments, made further purchases of land necessary, until the area of this cemetery now mounts up to seventy-four acres. An additional fifty acres have been added to it on the western side of the Finglas road.

These seventy-four acres are beautifully laid out with intersecting walks, alongside which the ever-green yew trees are set at becoming intervals, their gloomy boughs giving an additional appearance of grand solemnity to this city of the dead. The white tapering tower of the Monument over the crypt, where the remains of O'Connell rest, first attracts the attention of the visitor. Around the Liberator repose many of those who in life aided his noble and unselfish efforts to make his country the home of civil and religious freedom. In the Old Circle—where his remains reposed until their transfer to the crypt in 1869—lie others of his earlier associates whose lives were devoted to the same national purpose.

Curran and some of his contemporaries, who were growing old in life and in good works, when O'Connell entered public life, find rest in another portion of the cemetery. All the great movements, in one shape or another, that arose immediately before or after the year 1800, having as their goal the liberation or the good of Ireland—the Emancipation Movement, the Movement for Repeal, the '48 Era, the Insurrection of '67, the Home Rule Movement, and that identified with the name of

Parnell—are here represented in this great necropolis of Ireland, either in leaders or their adherents.

Nor is it a cemetery where the bones of Irishmen alone find sepulture. It is also the resting place of many who owed no allegiance to Ireland except the hospitality of a home and a grave. We find the names of Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, and Russians peeping out of their epitaphs from the myriads of monuments that encircle us. And there are numbers interred here who in life worshipped God at different shrines than those at which the majority bent the knee.

Glasnevin, as the site for a cemetery, was well chosen, if historical memories guided its selection. Along the banks of the river Tolka was fought the memorable Battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. The village of Glasnevin adjacent was the suburban and summer resort of Tickell, the poet; and Dean Delany, Swift, Addison, Sheridan, Parnell, the poet, and other distinguished literary men, at different times, enjoyed its pleasant situation, and made it their temporary sojourn. The old graveyard of Glasnevin holds too the hallowed dust of Robert Emmet—if we may rely on the authority of the eminent scholar and antiquarian—Dr. Petrie. Following the course of the Tolka, we meet Drumcondra, in the graveyard of which are the remains of Grose, the great antiquarian, and Gandon, the great architect. Thomas Furlong, who walked those roads composing his poems and writing up its every day sports and pastimes, rests in the same graveyard. Retracing our steps to the Cemetery, and proceeding due north, we reach the little village of Finglas—four miles from Dublin. Historical

notices of this village figure in very varying documents. It is mentioned in the Bulls of Popes Clement III., Celestine, and Innocent. Saint Patrick passed through it on his westward journey. The not over truthful Giraldus Cambrensis makes mention of it on matters, however, upon which we may accept his testimony. It was the scene of a battle between Strongbow and King Roderic O'Connor, in which the invader grievously worsted the last monarch of Ireland. Our own Annalists frequently allude to it. The faint-hearted James II. fled through it, on his way to Dublin Castle to inform Lady Tyrconnell that the Irish had run away from the Battle of the Boyne. He left himself open to the biting retort, "I see your Majesty has won the race." Through the same village William III. pursued his retreating father-in-law. On its sward stood Ormonde's camp before the Confederate leader marched to the fatal battle of Rathmines. Cromwell's army pushed through it to the siege of Drogheda, pulling from its seat the old Cross of Finglas and throwing it into the ditch, where it was soon covered over and forgotten. The Rev. Mr. Walsh, a patriotic local clergyman, had it exhumed in 1816, and caused it to be re-erected on its ancient site. Dr. Lanigan, the erudite author of the "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," spent the evening of his life near the village, and hours of prayer in the little Catholic Church, where a mural tablet records his death in 1828, his name and attainments. The village graveyard boasts of a fine Celtic Cross to his memory, which was erected by the patriotism and public spirit of his admirers, whose own names have many years since been added to the long bead-roll of the dead.

In this book there may be omitted some names who contributed to the making of Ireland. But we confined ourselves chiefly to those whose work brought them into the stormy arena of Irish politics, and who ventured their all that their country might reap a rich harvest from their sowing the seeds of a virile patriotism. We have not indeed, omitted, mention of the great names in literature, both native and Anglo-Irish, whose lives and talents were devoted to the elucidation of Irish history. Some names have been included, who, if they did not directly add to our achievements at home, have upheld the prestige of the race for valorous deeds abroad. And there are others—a few only—whose title to record is that they filled a sinister part in our chequered annals, falling away little by little from the aspirations which, let us charitably suppose, once animated them.

It is interesting to note here that all but one of the prime movers in the founding of *The Nation* on the 15th October, 1842, are interred within the precincts of Glasnevin Cemetery. The exception is Thomas Davis, who died on September 16th, 1845, and whose honoured remains rest in Mount Jerome, the cemetery of the Protestant community, on the southern side of Dublin. Of the five who formed the Inner Council who met weekly to discuss nationality and literature, he was the first to “begin the travel of eternity.” Dillon passed away the same month of 1866; Pigot in 1871; John O’Hagan in 1890; and Duffy in 1903. The first poem Davis contributed to *The Nation* was “My Grave.” It is significant and pathetic that his wish to be buried “on an Irish green-hill side”

should have been so prematurely granted, and at a time when Ireland required all the sage counsels of her sons. To his old attached friends and colleagues of *The Nation* it was granted in after years to pillow their heads, too, on Irish earth, and to claim a place in the memory of their country, in words such as Davis had prophetically written for himself :—

“ Be my epitaph writ on my country’s mind,
He served his country and loved his kind.”

R. J. O’DUFFY.





Historic Graves in Glasnevin Cemetery

The First Interment.

MICHAEL CAREY, of Francis Street, Dublin, was the first person interred in this cemetery. So runs the inscription on the stone, in the Curran section, raised over his grave. Since that date—22nd February, 1832—nearly six hundred thousand have followed him into the valley of death in Glasnevin.

Cornelius Lyne,

THE attached friend of John Philpot Curran is as close to him in death as he was intimately associated with him in life. Like Curran, he was a barrister, and a wit, and the stories told about him are past counting. He went by many *aliases*, all of which he accepted in good humour. One story about him is told by Daniel O'Connell, and recorded by O'Neill Daunt, in the latter's "Reminiscences of O'Connell." Some waggish barrister accused Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, the Secretary of the Catholic Association, of being a musician, and O'Gorman indignantly denied any gifts in that direction. "A jury," said O'Connell, "was thereupon impanelled to try the defendant, who per-

sisted in pleading 'Not guilty' to the indictment for *melodious* practices. The jury consisted of Con Lyne, under *twelve* different *aliases*, such as 'Con of the Seven Bottles,' 'Con of the Seven Throttles,' *Crim. Con.*, 'Con-Seated,' and so forth. The prosecutor then proceeded to interrogate the defendant: 'By virtue of your oath, Mr. O'Gorman, did you ever play on any musical instrument?' 'Never, on my honour,' replied Purcell. 'Come sir, recollect yourself. By virtue of your oath, did you ever play second fiddle to O'Connell?' The fact was too notorious to admit of any defence, and the *unanimous* jury accordingly returned a verdict of 'Guilty.'"

Lyne took a most active part in having the remains of his old friend, Curran, brought over from England, and reinterred in Glasnevin. His tomb is inscribed:—"Cornelius Lyne, of Hume Street, Barrister, died 5th March, 1841."

Dr. John Finlay,

A FRIEND of Thomas Moore and of Curran, lies beside another of his colleagues, Con. Lyne. He attended Curran's funeral from Lyons to Dublin, and was one of the trustees of the fund raised to defray the cost of a memorial to his memory in St. Patrick's Cathedral. This work, executed by Christopher Moore, drew a fine eulogy from Davis. Finlay was a man of marked ability and of generous nature. He was counsel with O'Connell in the celebrated Magee case, and, although a Presbyterian, not only warmly supported the movement for Catholic Emancipation, but was also an energetic member of the Catholic Board. In Fishamble Street Theatre, on June 18th, 1812, the Catholics, indignant at being refused, through their representatives, an interview with the Prince-regent in London,

passed a series of resolutions protesting against their treatment. Mr. Finlay supported them, and O'Connell, rising immediately afterwards, thus referred to him: "I have, my lord (the Earl of Fingal was in the chair), much to say, but I shall say little; I cannot venture to detain you after my eloquent friend—after the brilliant display you have just witnessed of the talents and powerful eloquence of my learned and excellent friend, Mr. Finlay. We do, indeed, owe him much; I was about to regret that he was not a Catholic, I was so pleased with him, and so anxious that we might have the credit of such talents. But when I consider, I think it better that matters should be as they are; for it must gratify every Catholic in Ireland to have Protestant talent such as his come forward to grace and support our assemblies; and it is a new source of unconquerable strength to our cause to have Protestant and Catholic equally ardent in the struggle in which we are engaged. His are talents which ministerial corruption could not purchase, for they are beyond all price." Finlay was the medium, in 1813, by whom a service of plate, of the value of £1,000, was presented to O'Connell as a mark of unabated confidence in his leadership. Finlay, who was a cultured writer, died County Court Judge of Roscommon in 1856.

John Philpot Curran

WAS born at Newmarket, Co. Cork, on the 24th July, 1750. His father, James Curran, was possessed of very moderate means, derived in part from his office as Seneschal of the Manor. His mother's name was Philpot. Curran spent some time at the school of a Mr. Carey of Midleton, and then entered Trinity College as a sizar on the 16th June, 1769. From Dublin he passed to Lon-

don to study for the law. In his early London life he wrote some poetry, including "The Deserter's Lamentation," which won the praise of Byron. In those times, as he tells us himself, he worked ten hours every day. Returning to Ireland, he was called to the Bar in 1775, where he soon earned an easy competence. Like almost every public man of that day, he had to assert his courage in the duelling field, but the encounters never proved serious to Curran or his opponents. In 1783 he was elected to the Irish Parliament as member for Kilbeggan, and made his maiden speech in favour of Flood's Reform Bill. But his renown rests on his speeches at the Bar. His defence of Father Neale and Hamilton Rowan, his invective against Cockaigne, his speech on behalf of Peter Finnerty, his defence of Wolfe Tone, the Brothers Sheares, not only display the qualities of a great advocate and brilliant orator, but also reveal the master passion, which dictated all his labours—the love of Ireland and her people. He was a fluent speaker of the Irish Language. Catholic Emancipation was part of his creed. His last appearance in behalf of that cause was at a meeting of the Catholic Board on 11th June, 1814, which O'Connell was addressing when the Protestant patriot entered. He was endeared to the people, not only for his own manly worth and sterling independence, but because, too, he was the father of the betrothed of Robert Emmet, the young hero-martyr. He was Master of the Rolls a few years before his death. Byron said of him—"The riches of his imagination are exhaustless," and O'Connell's estimate has been upheld by posterity:—"There never was so honest an Irishman. His very soul was republican Irish." He died in London, October 14th, 1817, and his funeral to Paddington, near that city, was attended, among others, by Thomas Moore.

In 1834 his remains were transferred to Ireland, it being his dying wish to be interred in Irish earth. The body lay at Lyons a couple of days, and was brought into the city at night, and interred by the light of torches in Glasnevin. The sarcophagus in which he rests was modelled on that of Scipio Barbatus at Rome, and is the most classic monument in Glasnevin. It bears the simple inscription "Curran," but it is safe to say for all Irishmen at least the name alone suffices to perpetuate the memory of a noble and generous life.

The O'Higgins.

O'CONNELL declined to have anything to do with the Chartist movement, founded by Feargus O'Connor, and dissuaded his followers from participating in that agitation. O'Connor retaliated by organising opposition to O'Connell in England, but it proved useless, and only proved O'Connor's impotency to assail successfully the Irish leader.

O'Connor had a small following in Dublin. Among them was a Mr. Patrick O'Higgins, of North Anne Street, "who got up," says O'Neill Daunt, "a nibbling opposition to O'Connell, and devoted a room at the back of his house to the reception of a few discontented deserters from O'Connellism. Mr. O'Higgins professed himself an ally of Feargus, and promised to propagate Chartism in Dublin. Feargus acknowledged his merits in the *Star* (his own paper), and ended an eloquent eulogism by exclaiming:—"Rome had her Brutus—Ireland has her O'Higgins!" He died October 12th, 1854. His title to fame is thus recorded—"The O'Higgins, an active leader in the Chartist movement, and President of the Universal Suffrage Association."

Emily Gavan Duffy.

WHEN Gavan Duffy was connected with the *Belfast Vindicator* he married Miss MacDermott, a grand-daughter of The MacDermott, a family of ancient Irish lineage, whose hereditary title was Prince of Coolavin, in Sligo. She died in Dublin, in September, 1845, a year and a month made also sad by the too-premature death of Thomas Davis. A cross of white marble in the Curran section marks her grave, with the inscription "Emily Gavan Duffy September, 1845."

E. S. Ruthven, M.P.,

ONE of O'Connell's supporters, and member for the City of Dublin. He died 31st March, 1836, aged 62 years. The inscription on the fine monument to his memory states it was erected by the National Trades Political Union and the Loyal National Repeal Association in testimony of his public services and private worth. On the reverse of the monument there is an inscription to the memory of his son, Edward, who died, representing Co. Kildare in Parliament, on the 4th May, 1865.

John Redmond,

OF the Catholic Association, is buried in the Curran section. When O'Connell, on the 15th April, 1840, founded the Repeal Association, he found Redmond still by his side. "Its first meeting," says O'Neill Daunt, "was held in the Great Room of the Corn Exchange, Burgh Quay, which is capable of accommodating about five hundred persons. The room was not one-fifth part filled." But only seven men had congregated to start the Catholic Association.

"O'Connell concluded his speech by moving the adoption of a set of rules. The seconder of the motion was Mr. John Redmond, a patriotic citizen."

James Martin,

AN ardent Repealer, a true patriot, and an esteemed member of the National Trades Political Union, has also sepulture here. He died 15th February, 1845.

Major Robert MacEniry

WAS, for a long term of years, Curator of the Royal Irish Academy's fine collection of antiquities in their museum, 19 Dawson Street, Dublin. His daily association with these evidences of early Irish art caused him to take a more than ordinary interest in Irish literature, and for twenty years he was a member of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. His face bore a marked resemblance to that of Marshal MacMahon, for whom he had a great admiration, and who was a Vice-President of the Society. The Council at its meeting, on the 25th March, 1902, had to place on record the loss of a frank, genial, and cultured Irish gentleman.

Michael Staunton,

A native of Clare, became at an early age sole editor of *The Freeman's Journal*. He then undertook the publication of the *Weekly Register*, and after the establishment of the Catholic Rent—in October, 1824—he founded the *Dublin Morning Register*, to advocate the principles of the Catholic Association. The new morning paper, by its rivalry, forced other journals of a wavering character to bid

for continued circulation by a more steady and consistent support of the people's cause. It is stated that the *Register* was the first paper which maintained a regular staff of professional reporters, and that other papers had to follow its example.

"At the outset of Staunton's honourable and useful career," says John O'Connell, in the second volume of his father's speeches, "he was arraigned in the King's Bench, upon the 25th of May, 1821, for an alleged libel upon Thomas Wallace, Q.C. (afterwards a Master in Chancery), in an article which had appeared in the *Weekly Register* some time before." O'Connell defended Staunton, and "conjured the jury, before they plunged a young gentleman into gaol, for the blameless exercise of his duty as a proprietor of the public press—to hesitate before they tore this last remnant from the freedom of discussion—the right of remarking *truly* on the conduct of public men and on public transactions." Mr. J. O'Connell adds:—"Mr. Staunton was, notwithstanding, convicted, and suffered an imprisonment in Kilmainham. But conviction and condemnation, merited or unmerited, was sure to be a Catholic's fate before a City of Dublin jury, chosen and packed as they were, and still often are, by the foulest means and practices of the Orange Sheriffs." In later life Staunton accepted the position of Collector-General of Metropolitan Rates. "An uninscribed obelisk," Fitzpatrick remarks, "in Curran's Square, rises over his grave."

Lord Justice Monahan

WAS called to the Bar in 1828, and elected for Galway in 1846. Either as Solicitor-General or Attorney-General, he acted for the Crown in the State prosecutions against the

Irish leaders in the years immediately succeeding his return to Parliament. Though attached to the Crown by office, he never entirely abandoned his independence. "One may still," says Gavan Duffy, in *Young Ireland*, p. 17, "read appended to the requisition against jury-packing the name of James Henry Monahan, Attorney-General, during the State prosecutions of 1848. He was one of those who signed the requisition against jury-packing in O'Connell's trial, although not only never a Repealer, but a steady partisan of the Whigs before and since that transaction." After the Co. Galway election of 1873 he went on the Western Circuit, and so glad were the people to see anyone but Judge Keogh discharging judicial functions amongst them, that they actually illuminated the city of Galway. He died in 1878.

Captain Henry Quill

WAS a distinguished officer who served with his corps to the close of the Peninsular campaign; at the siege of Burgos his leg was shattered, and his left eye carried away by a ball. He received two gunshot wounds in the chest at Waterloo; one of the balls fractured the collar bone and penetrated the lung, in which it became embedded, the long train of suffering ensuing, and the hemorrhage it induced, ultimately proved fatal on the 26th day of March, 1849, when he was sixty years of age.

His youngest son, Captain Henry Quill, of the 32nd regiment, served with the 80th regiment in the Burmese War of 1852, was present at the capture of Martabar, the operations before Rangoon, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th April, in that year, and capture of the great Pagoda with the storming party; also at the capture of Proome. He

was five years in the service, and died from the privations and fatigue he endured, at Calcutta, 25th August, 1853, aged 20 years. Of a truth they were a fighting family.

Stephen Coppinger, B.L.,

ACCORDING to the eulogy of his tomb, "was a distinguished member of the old Catholic Association, and was well known for his vigorous exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty. He served his country with zeal and assiduity, not for self-aggrandizement, or sordid gain, but through pure and disinterested patriotism. He was respected and esteemed by all classes and creeds for his honourable, independent, uncompromising principles, and his many virtues." Coppinger, who died on 29th May, 1858, at the age of 63, often took the chair at the Saturday meetings of the Association in the 'Twenties of the last century. He sometimes fell foul of O'Connell, and got rapped on the knuckles in return. O'Connell arrived in Howth on the 1st June, 1825, and a few days afterwards addressed a meeting in Anne Street Chapel. At this meeting Coppinger submitted a resolution on behalf of Catholic Emancipation. He was one of the most consistent and persevering champions of the Catholic cause, but his speeches, writes Luby, "were somewhat marred by the broadness of his Southern accent." In his student days his circumstances were straitened. O'Connell said, referring to anything mysterious: "It is as hard to find out as Stephen Coppinger's lodgings." The *Liberator* nicknamed him on one occasion, when Coppinger was annoying him, "the knight of the rueful countenance." Possibly too, the pointed negative in the above epitaph was intended as a *post-mortem* continuance of that antagonism which

earlier marked his and O'Connell's relations. Not to enemies alone was it left to call in question O'Connell's motives in life. But O'Connell could pay back his assailants in a way to be discreetly remembered ever after.

Denis Florence McCarthy.

MCCARTHY, the "Poet of May," was born in Dublin, 26th May, 1817, and died in the same city on the 7th April, 1882. On October 14th, 1843, McCarthy's first contribution to the *Nation* appeared, and when the "Battle of Clontarf" was sent in the editor remarked that "Desmond" was entitled to be enrolled in our national brigade. An extract from his poetic description of Derrynane, and its chief, is given in another part of this work. O'Connell's personality strongly impressed him, and O'Connell's death evoked from his pen a poem which D'Arcy Magee declared was one of the noblest tributes paid to the memory of the great Tribune. He wrote the Centenary Ode to O'Connell, and also to Thomas Moore—both masterpieces—paying Moore the deserved praise of being one of the kings of song who rule us from their urns. McCarthy also translated many of Calderon, the Spanish poet's works. He was professor of *belles-lettres* in the Catholic University, and on its decline went to live in London. "I could do nothing for Dublin, and Dublin could do nothing for me," was his written farewell to an old friend. He returned to Ireland before his death. A volume of his poems, edited by his son, was published by a committee of his admirers as a memento of his well-spent life. His place, however, in the heart of Ireland is among the brilliant band whose genius gave us—he writes himself—

"The songs melodious, which a new Harmodius
'Young Ireland' wreathed round its rebel sword."

When Duffy first met McCarthy the latter was a law student, and believed that he was destined for a career at the bar, but the author of "Young Ireland" considered he was essentially a poet and man of letters, happy in his study, charming in society, where his spontaneous humour was the delight of his associates, but never thoroughly at home in the courts, in the council room, or on the platform.

Sarah Atkinson.

"BENEATH this cross lie the remains of a saintly woman, Sarah, the revered wife of George Atkinson, A.M. She had a large intellect, a sweet nature, a great heart. Her praise is in the tongue of the poor, the old whom she protected, the young who had ever her counsel, her help, and her sympathy. She died 8th July, 1893."

As a litterateur Mrs. Atkinson has left us memoirs of Hogan and Foley, the Irish sculptors, and Eugene O'Curry, the Irish scholar, and she was a frequent contributor to the periodicals of her time. Her memory is chiefly entitled to our esteem from the philanthropic endeavours she made to reform young women, reared under the blighting influences of the workhouse.

Sir John J. Gilbert.

THE grave of Sir John Gilbert, the historian, is beside that of Mrs. Atkinson. Sir John's life encompassed the years from 1829-1898. At his death he was LL.D. of Trinity College, and Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was *par excellence* the Librarian. No truer epitaph was ever written on memorial than that which states of him: "His life was devoted to Ireland in the research

for truth in her history, and the defence of the Catholic Faith, her light in darkest days." "The History of the City of Dublin," in three volumes (now out of print), was eagerly sought for by lovers of Irish literature, and obtained for its author the gold medal of the Academy.

Denis Florence McCarthy, reading the work on its appearance in 1856, thus graphically described how it affected him :—

“ Look, look, what life is in these quaint old shops—
The loneliest lanes are rattling with the roar
Of coach and chair ; fans, feathers, flambeaus, fops
Flutter and flicker through yon open door,
Where Handel’s hand moves the great organ stops.”

Gilbert’s valuable library was purchased by the Dublin Corporation for £2,500, and is housed in one of their Free Public Libraries at Charlemont Mall, North Strand.

In Webb’s “Compendium of Irish Biography” there is a list of Dr. Gilbert’s publications. They embrace periods of Irish history, the most fascinating to the student who seeks information from an untainted and trustworthy source.

Major B. W. Nicholson,

A warrior of Waterloo, lies beside those who passed their lives in peaceful pursuits. Major Nicholson, of the 36th Regiment, died 15th March, 1858, aged 78 years. He saw service, we are told, in the East Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, and, finally, on the field of Waterloo. His wife, who predeceased him, accompanied her husband on his campaigns, and remained in Antwerp, awaiting the issue of Wellington’s final battle with Napoleon.

David Comyn

UPHELD the traditions associated with his Clare name by throwing in all his energies in support of the movement, started in the 'Seventies, to preserve the Irish Language. From that time to his death, in 1907, he laboured zealously in its behalf, in the Gaelic Union and other kindred bodies. He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy, first editor of the *Gaelic Journal*, and edited and annotated portion of Keating's History of Ireland, for the Irish Texts Society of London. He left his books and manuscripts as a gift to the National Library of Ireland.

John Cornelius O'Callaghan.

A modest little cross in the grounds of the old mortuary chapel bears the request—"Of your charity pray for the soul of John Cornelius O'Callaghan, who died on the 24th April, 1883, aged 77 years. R.I.P." Beneath it lie the remains of the historian of the "Irish Brigade." Scant attention has been paid to his memory. His only records are the newspaper obituaries at the time of his death, and a notice in the *Irish Monthly*. O'Callaghan was born in Dublin, in 1805. His father, Mr. John O'Callaghan, of Talbot Street, was one of the first Catholics admitted to the profession of attorney, on the partial relaxation of the Penal Laws, in 1793, and at the time of the Union had acquired a good practice.

Young O'Callaghan studied at the then newly-established Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, and afterwards at a school in Blanchardstown, kept by the Rev. Joseph Deane. He was intended for the legal profession, but he abandoned the law for the more congenial, if less profitable, pursuits of literature. Of the historian's brothers, one became attached

to the medical department of the army, and, after long service in India, retired with the rank of Surgeon-General. Another wrote, some time before 1848, a short but interesting biography of O'Connell. One of his daughters became the wife of Mr. Henry Irving, the great tragedian.

O'Callaghan's first appearance in print was in the columns of the *Comet*, a paper produced by the members of the Comet Club, in 1831, with the object of pressing for the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. The *Comet* gave way to the *Irish Monthly*, for which O'Callaghan also wrote. He undertook to write for the *Nation* at its start, and was one of its first notable recruits. "He had already begun," says Gavan Duffy in "Young Ireland," "a vein of historical investigation, which he has since successfully developed—the career of Irish soldiers at home and abroad." His famous "Green Book" commanded a great sale. O'Callaghan's notes to his edition of the "Macariæ Excidium," published in 1850, by the Archaeological Society, are the greatest evidence of his extraordinary erudition, but his most popular work was "The History of the Irish Brigade," from the dethronement of James II. to the death of the Young Pretender. On this work he spent twenty-five years, and travelled Europe in search of material for its pages. O'Callaghan also wrote some excellent verse. This distinguished Irishman died at his residence in Fitzgibbon Street, soothed by the ministrations of Father Callan, S.J.

Christopher Moore, R.H.A.

"SACRED to the memory of C. Moore, Esq., Sculptor, R.H.A., who died 14th February, 1864, aged 83 years. Erected by his brother, Thomas." These few words recall

the name of the artist to whom we are indebted for the beautiful bust of Curran in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and of which Thomas Davis writes:—"It is the finest monument, so simply made, I ever saw. Let the reader look at it when the setting sun comes upon it, and he will recognise lineaments of power." (Davis' Preface to "Curran's Speeches.") Moore is responsible for the statue to the national poet, his namesake, which stands at the head of College Street, Dublin, but it is urged in defence of the sculptor that that class of work was not his *forte*, and that patronage, then all powerful, secured him the commission against more skilled competitors.

Richard Scott.

RICHARD and John Scott, of Middle Gardiner Street, placed a tablet here to commemorate their parents. Their father, Richard, was conducting agent to Daniel O'Connell at the famous Clare election of 1828. He died on the 26th July, 1859, aged 85 years.

Grace and Kelly.

Two Catholic publishers of enterprise in their day lie almost side by side, viz.:—Alderman Richard Grace, of Capel Street, who died on the 3rd November, 1849, aged 75 years, and William Bernard Kelly, of 8 Grafton Street, whose demise occurred on the 14th June, 1877, aged 60 years.

Grace's life is thus commended:—

"If upright worth and virtue claim the tear
Render his due to him who sleepeth here
Grateful, affectionate, sincere and kind,
His memory dear to those he left behind."

Robert M'Clelland.

IN line with the monument to Christopher Moore, there is an upright limestone slab to the memory of "One of the last of the Volunteers of 1779 and 1782." Robert M'Clelland was born on the 7th May, 1756, died 24th July, 1844, aetatas 88. But this sturdy Northern Presbyterian has a more modern record to his credit. Very soon after O'Connell had formed the Repeal Association in 1840, M'Clelland joined its ranks, and was, according to O'Neill Daunt, "a regular attendant at the weekly meetings of the Corn Exchange as long as his health permitted him."—"Eighty-five years of Irish History." He was then passed eighty. He sat beside O'Connell in the Assembly Rooms, South William Street, when Repeal was debated in the Dublin Corporation, and its principle affirmed by a majority of twenty-six, in February, 1843, over a year before his death.

The O'Briens.

THIS monument is one of the most attractive in this portion of the Cemetery. It is erected to members of a family who took part in the public affairs of Ireland. Sir Timothy O'Brien, Bart., D.L., was member of parliament for the city of Cashel in four parliaments, and died on the 3rd day of December, 1862. His third son, John, predeceased him in 1843. This son was captain in the 30th Regiment, and subsequently in the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers. He landed in September, 1854, with the British Expedition, at Eupatoria in the Crimea, was present at the Battle of the Alma and Siege of Sebastopol, for which he received the medal and two clasps, and the 5th class of the Sultan's Order of the Medjidie, and died at Gravesend. Another—the eldest son—Sir Patrick O'Brien, sat for thirty-three

years as member for King's County, from the representation of which he was ousted when the people awoke to the necessity of substituting an active for an ornamental policy. He died in Brighton, April 25th, 1895, and was interred in Kensal Green Cemetery.

W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL.D.

ANOTHER writer, whose works will hold a permanent place in any collections of Irish history, is interred near O'Callaghan, viz., W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A., LL.D. It was he who unearthed the infamous traffic carried on by Pitt for the corruption of the Irish Parliament, stripped the mask from the faces of the hypocrites who betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald and accepted blood money from the Castle to betray their unwily and confiding clients.

The Press, the organ of the Right Hon. B. D'Israeli, commenting on Fitzpatrick's "Life of Dr. Doyle" (J.K.L.), said: "Nothing is taken for granted, the best and most reliable evidence being always produced to substantiate even every apparently trifling incident. The result is an historical painting of a most interesting and stirring period drawn to the very life—a painting which is as much distinguished for its breadth of design, its noble proportions and its skilful execution as for the exact nicety and studied minuteness of every detail." He was a most prolific writer. "The Sham Squire," "Life of Lord Cloncurry," "Life of Lady Morgan," are some among his many well-known productions. He lived from 1830-95.

James Price.

"To the memory of James Price, Esq., late editor of the *Evening Packet*, died 14th January, 1853, aged 39 years."

The *Evening Packet* was an exponent of ultra-Orange opinions, but its editor preserved his independence, and exhibited a fine sense of fair play in 1849 in protesting against the unscrupulous methods by which the Crown sought to secure a conviction against Gavan Duffy. Three trials had already proved abortive. Public opinion was roused, and almost unanimously veered round to the traverser's side, when it became known that the government had resolved to arraign him a fourth time on the same charges. Price wrote to Duffy in Newgate: "It may be a gratification to you to know that the chief reasons which made me your advocate—apart from my belief in your sincerity and knowledge of your ability—and the first facts that made me view with favour your cause, were your enthusiastic struggles to vindicate the genius, character, and motives of your friend, Davis."

Dr. Maunsell of the *Evening Mail*, then, as now, a Conservative organ, also sided with Duffy, and generously came forward in court to vindicate the prisoner's character and policy from the cruel aspersions of the government and their agents. Price's grave lies on the southern side of the site on which the Old Mortuary Chapel once stood.

The First Headstone.

THERE are thousands of costly works of art in Glasnevin Cemetery, and hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent upon them. But the first stone that marked a grave in the Cemetery is of the most unpretentious character. It is an upright, oblong slab of unadorned limestone. "This stone was erected by Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, in memory of her beloved husband, Mr. Patrick Campbell, of Campbell Place, Mountjoy Square, who departed this life

on the 4th day of November, 1830, in the 66th year of his age. The remains were removed here on the 29th February, 1832. This was the first stone erected in this Cemetery." Mrs. Campbell died St. Patrick's Day, 1852.

Major William Talbot,

OF Castle Talbot, in the Co. Wexford, served with the 27th or Inniskilling Regiment in the Peninsular War, and was twice wounded. He died in 1861, at the age of 70 years. In the same grave lie the remains of his brother-in-law, Thomas Kennedy, B.L.

Thomas Kennedy, B.L.,

WAS editor of the *Irish Monthly Magazine*, a periodical extant in O'Connell's day, which often threw a vivid picture on the difficulties O'Connell met with in dealing with the aristocratic seceders from the Catholic Board. This was a time when O'Connell was rallying the country to the watchword "Unanimity for Old Ireland." Previous to this Kennedy had contributed to the *Comet*, for which John Cornelius O'Callaghan had also written. In this paper appeared "The Uninscribed Tomb," a poem on Emmet's undiscovered grave, contributed anonymously, but ascribed to Kennedy. His "Reminiscences of a Silent Agitator" deals with the Emancipation and Repeal movements. He died on June 5th, 1832, aged 39. (See O'Donoghue's "Dictionary of Irish Poets.")

Thomas Matthew Ray,

THE Secretary of the Repeal Association, was a fellow-prisoner in Richmond of the Liberator, and survived him

thirty-four years, dying in January, 1881, at the age of eighty. "He possessed," says Gavan Duffy ("Young Ireland," Vol I., p. 66), "remarkable powers of organising and superintending work, and practical ability generally. O'Connell discovered him on the 'Trades' Political Union, marked his capacity, and transferred him to a place where there was more opportunity for its exercise. He seldom spoke in the Association or its Committees, but he possessed a talent rarer in Ireland than the gift of speech—he might be counted upon for seeing done, efficiently and silently, whatever was ordered." Ray organised the Repeal Reading Rooms, and established them in several towns on his Repeal mission in 1842. The first of these was opened at Newcastle, Co. Limerick.

Patrick Frederick Gallagher,

THE ventriloquist, who delighted audiences throughout Ireland for many years (1800-1863). He was the father of the well-known editor of the *Freeman's Journal* under Dwyer-Gray's proprietorship, and whose sons inherited in turn many of the qualities that make journalism "racy of the soil."

Lieut.-Col. William Lynam

HELD captive many a reader in the columns of *The Shamrock*, following the amusing and erratic career of "Mick McQuaid." The genial Lynam held up many abuses to public odium, but he did no better work than in drawing attention to the means by which the odious proselytising system was run and maintained for years in Connacht. This he did very effectively in the opening of Mick's career, where our hero is introduced as an evangelizer.

Lynam died at Warrenpoint, Clontarf, on the 17th August, 1894. There is no memorial over his grave.

John Keogh,

A coffin-maker in Cook Street, was the father of the celebrated pulpit-orator, Father Keogh, to whom a tablet is erected in Baldoyle Chapel, but whose remains lie in the vaults of SS. Michael and John. Father Keogh died 9th September, 1831, aged 43 years, but his father, here interred, reached the patriarchal age of 94 years, dying on the 10th May, 1834. "Father Keogh," says the *London and Dublin Magazine*, of 1827, "teaches you, even at the first glance, to feel that it is not his part to accommodate his opinions or expressions to your previously indulged habits. He wrings from you by his air and manner a tacit acknowledgment of his supremacy; and you stand before him in submissive silence as one bound to listen. He is decidedly the most popular and eloquent preacher of the day." Nor did he disavow his lowly origin. "How is your father," was asked of him one day. "Oh," replied Keogh, with a very long visage, "I left him working for death!" ("Wits and Worthies").

James Clarence Mangan

Is ungrudgingly given the foremost place in the ranks of the Irish poets. He was born in Fishamble Street, Dublin, and he scarcely ever wandered beyond the precincts of his native place, save to call with a manuscript at *The Nation* office, or discharge some uncongenial duties in Trinity College. His principal writings appeared in magazines previous to the advent of *The Nation*, for the first number

of which he wrote a poem hailing its mission. It is not quite clear how he acquired a knowledge of either Irish or German, though his translations from both languages carry all the spirit of the originals. "He was," says Gavan Duffy, in "Young Ireland," (Vol. I., p. 137), "as truly born to sing deathless songs as Keats or Shelley He was so purely a poet that he shrank from all other exercise of his intellect." John Mitchel and Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue have each written a biography and published his poems in book form. Father Meehan, who attended Mangan in his last illness at the Meath Hospital, and smoothed his passage to another world, was indefatigable in collecting his stray writings from the journals of the time, and otherwise rescuing his memory from unmerited reproach. A bust of Mangan, by Sheppard, was unveiled in Stephen's Green a few years since by Dr. Sigerson. Mangan died on the 20th June, 1849, aged 46 years.

Patrick J. Smyth

WAS a student in Clongowes Wood College at the same time as Thomas Francis Meagher, and a friendship—personal and political—was the outcome of their meeting. The '48 movement saw both of them by the side of Smith O'Brien, but Smyth, more lucky than most of his confederates, made his escape to America. There he planned with great daring, and carried out with rare success the escape of John Mitchel from Tasmania. Coming back to Ireland, he became proprietor of the *Irishman*, a paper associated with the advanced party in Irish politics. In 1871 he was elected Parliamentary representative for Westmeath. The same year he took the chair at an amnesty meeting in the Park—6th August, 1871—

when the people were dispersed and bludgeoned by the police. Though elected as a Home Ruler, he made a great speech against Isaac Butt's motion for an inquiry into the Parliamentary relations between Great Britain and Ireland. He declared himself for Repeal, pure and simple, and estranged his constituents. He was returned for Tipperary County in April, 1880. Smyth bitterly opposed the Land League agitation, and this opposition alienated many friendships. He retired from active political life through being appointed secretary to the Loan Fund Board of Ireland, an official government post.

T. D. Sullivan says of him in "Recollections of Troubled Times in Irish Politics": "The man was a Nationalist, and could not be anything else. His new surroundings, the whole atmosphere of the place, were uncongenial to the liberator of John Mitchel." And it might be added, uncongenial to one to whom, with Mr. James Cantwell (Star and Garter Hotel), of Dublin, we mainly owe it that a statue stands in a prominent place in the city to the memory of William Smith O'Brien.

There is a headstone over the family grave in Glasnevin, but no notice of Smyth's death appears on it, an event which occurred on January 12th, 1885—only three weeks from the date of his government appointment—in his sixty-fourth year.

William Dillon Walker

WAS a soldier of fortune, and hailed from Golden Bridge, on the outskirts of Dublin. He fought in the New and the Old World, but always on the side that called forth the sympathy of his race. In the Italian War of 1860 he gallantly took up arms with the Irish Section of the Papal

Brigade in defence of the Chair of St. Peter, and earned for himself laurels which were publicly acknowledged by Pope Pius IX. in electing and proclaiming him Knight of the Order of St. Sylvester. The Civil War in America then broke out, and the Federal cause claimed his sword. The Battle of the Wilderness, which practically ended the Civil War, lasted from 4th to 6th May, 1864. In this engagement poor Walker was killed, one of the eighteen thousand of the Federals who fell on that field of carnage. The Confederate loss was 11,000, but the back of the rebellion was broken. •

The monument in Glasnevin to Walker's memory was erected as a tribute to his many amiable and sterling qualities by a few of his private and admiring friends.

Thomas Herrick.

THE tomb of Thomas Herrick, of Thomas Street, records that he was "formerly of the city of Cork, his native place, where he had been generously elected a member of the first reformed Corporation of that city, and continued to be so till his removal to Dublin." He died 18th August, 1854, aged 68.

Dr. John Breen, M.D.

ADJACENT is the grave of Dr. John Breen, M.D., of Cavendish Row, who died in June, 1850, aged 72 years. A heavy block of limestone resting on pillarettes informs us that he was Honorary Fellow of the King's and Queen's Colleges of Physicians. The *Milesian Magazine* of Dr. Brennan often reverts to him in merciless attacks, for they were bitter political opponents.

Patrick Kennedy.

"THY will be done." "Sacred to the memory of Patrick Kennedy, who died 17th September, 1872, aged 82 years, and of Elizabeth, his wife, who died 10th December, 1867, aged 75 years." Such is the inscription over the grave of the author of the "Banks of the Boro," "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celt," "Evenings in the Duffry," and "Legends of Mount Leinster." His writings are racy of his native Wexford, the place and the people, and give us living pictures of the lives that were led in the secluded but romantic scenery along the Boro, a tributary of the River Slaney. The incidents Kennedy chronicles occurred in the years 1817 and 1818, a short time before he came to Dublin. Kennedy contributed to Le Fanu's *University Magazine*, and the *Irish Quarterly Review*. Murray, the proprietor of the *Review*, encouraged his literary work during the nine years existence of that journal. In return for that encouragement Kennedy wrote him a graceful dedication of the "Banks of the Boro" from his home and his book-shop in Anglesea Street in the year 1867.

Edward Hollywood

DIED 16th September, 1873, aged 59 years. He accompanied Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher to Paris in 1848, as a deputation from the Irish Confederates to present an address of congratulation from Ireland to the Second French Republican Government. His niece, Mrs. Bardon, and her husband, Willie, kept up the traditions of nationality in the Young Ireland Society of the 'Eighties.

Thomas Neilson Underwood, B.L.,

ESTABLISHED the St. Patrick's Brotherhood, at a banquet held in the Rotunda on St. Patrick's Day, 1861. He took an active part in the tenant-right movement, and became very popular. By prose and poetry he contributed to the journals of his day. He died 1876. No monument marks where he lies, but a willow tree gracefully spreads its bending branches around his grave.

Watty Cox,

SAYS Webb, in his "Compendium of Irish Biography," the son of a Westmeath blacksmith, a hanger-on of the revolutionary party in 1798, was born about 1770. He proved faithless to his own side and the Government. In 1797 he established the *Union Star*, nominally in the interests of the United Irishmen, but ultimately repudiated by the Directory. After a visit to America he established his *Irish Monthly Magazine*, a medley of truth and falsehood, in which are to be found some valuable biographical details of many distinguished persons of the period." "It was," says John O'Connell, "a periodical of a strange rollicking character." He carried it on from 1808-15, being subjected to numerous fines and imprisonment for opinions expressed therein. Daniel O'Connell, in 1811, spoke on his behalf in mitigation of punishment. He is said to have ceased writing upon the receipt of £400 in hand, and a pension of £100 a year, withdrawn in 1835. He died at 12 Clarence Street, Dublin, in poverty, on the 17th January, 1837, aged 66 years.

Fitzpatrick, in "Wits and Worthies," p. 257, states he received the last Sacraments from the pastor of Finglas (Fr. Benson). See also Madden's "United Irishmen," in

which Cox's career in Ireland and America is sharply criticised.

Terence Bellew MacManus.

The evening of the day that saw the Clontarf meeting prohibited, Terence Bellew MacManus attended as a Liverpool delegate the banquet held in the Rotunda which, according to Gavan Duffy, 2,000 people attended. "He was then" (Oct. '43), says the same writer, "in the prime of a vigorous manhood. He had been my friend since—boys together in a Northern town—we saw with angry eyes the processions maintained by Orangemen to humiliate Ulster Catholics on the anniversary of their final defeat. When the proclamation (to proclaim the Clontarf meeting) was issued he hurried to me to say that, knowing the English people well, he was persuaded that if we fell back now, our claims from that day would be treated with contempt." ("Young Ireland," vol. i., p. 184). MacManus threw himself into the revolutionary movement with Smith O'Brien, was arrested, and sentenced to death with his chief, at Clonmel in 1848. "Their trials," Lord Cloncurry states, "were conducted without any respect for decency, or in one instance for law." The sentence was changed to one of penal servitude. On the 5th July, 1849, he, with O'Brien, Meagher and O'Donoghue, was shipped at Kingstown for transportation, on board H.M.S. "Swift." In 1851 he escaped from Van Diemen's Land, and settled in California, where he resumed the commercial life he had followed in England. But American methods did not commend themselves to his mind. They had nothing in common with those of the old Continent. "His sterling mind," says Meagher, "would not bend to them, trained, as it had been, to the more prudent, correct, and certain system which

prevails in Europe." He pined away, and died in 1860. His body was transferred to its native earth the year following, "borne over a Continent and two seas—the greatest space over which the dust of man has ever been carried by the faith, love, and power of his kindred." The funeral took place from the Mechanics' Institute, Abbey Street, Lower, Dublin, to Glasnevin, on the 10th November, 1861. O'Leary gave it as his opinion that "seldom or ever in modern times, save at the funeral of Gambetta, were such multitudes of men gathered together on such an occasion." "It was," says A. M. Sullivan, "the greatest funeral ever witnessed upon earth," "and those," he continues, "who saw the gathering that followed his coffin to the grave, the thousands of stalwarth men that marched in solemn order behind his bier will never forget the sight." "Had our struggle lasted a few months," adds Smith O'Brien "the qualities MacManus displayed, even for a few days, would have placed his name in the catalogue of those warriors whose deeds have given to our country the name of heroism."

Colonel John O'Mahony,

A native of Limerick, born in 1816, was sent early in life to a good classical school in Cork, and he afterwards entered Trinity College, Dublin. He was a good Greek and Latin scholar. All his knowledge and resources were made subservient to one end—the attainment of Irish liberty—and for this purpose he sacrificed all other worldly considerations. A Repealer in O'Connell's time, he seceded with the Young Ireland Party in 1845, took part in the rising of 1848, but after the failure of the attempt, and the trial and sentence of O'Brien at Clonmel, escaped to Paris, where he remained till 1852. He then embarked for

America. In 1858 negotiations took place between Stephens in Ireland and a committee in New York, of which O'Mahony was a member, for the founding of a secret movement, and thus was laid the basis of the Fenian Organization. Stephens undertook to take charge of affairs in Ireland, and O'Mahony, as Head Centre, propagated its principles in America. He did not, however, devote all his time to revolutionary preparations. He was a fine Gaelic scholar. He took a keen interest in native Irish literature, and his translation of Keating's "History of Ireland," is regarded as a scholarly production. It is pretty well surmised that it was O'Mahony who selected the title for the organisation. "The name," T. D. Sullivan remarks, "was well chosen ; it had a historic flavour, having been that of a military brotherhood in ancient Ireland, renowned for chivalry and valour, praised and panegyrised by all the bards of Erin."—"Recollections," p. 46). He died in New York on February 6th, 1877. His remains were brought to Ireland, and on arrival at Queenstown, they lay in state at Cloyne Cathedral. Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, refused permission to allow the body to be placed in the Pro-Cathedral, and the committee in charge of the funeral arrangements then selected the Mechanics' Institute, where thousands passed the bier and took a last farewell of the gallant Irish soldier and scholar. Charles Kickham delivered the funeral oration outside the cemetery, closing his discourse with the lines, selected from Davis's "Prison Sermon"—

"Freedom hath arisen
Oft from statesmen's strife,
Oft from battle flashes,
Oft from hero's lips,
Oftenest from his ashes."

"O'Mahony," says O'Leary, "was the manliest and

handsomest man I ever met, not that I had not probably met men with as much strength or beauty, but certainly none with the same combination to the same degree of the two qualities. So much as regards that *physique* which goes so far with all of us. Now as to that *morale*, which is so infinitely more important. He was simply, as far as I could ever see or hear, the soul of truth and honour.”— (“Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism,” page 102.).

**Sergeant McCarthy, Daniel Reddin, and
P. W. Nally.**

IN plots adjacent to those in which the remains of MacManus and O'Mahony lie, are interred the above-named soldiers of Irish liberty. John O'Leary, a fellow-prisoner, has left on record an appreciation of Sergeant McCarthy as “a fine type of the trained soldier and the true Irishman.” Poor McCarthy did not live long to enjoy his restoration to freedom. Mr. Barry O'Brien, in his “Life of Parnell,” vol. i., p. 152, states that “Sergeant McCarthy, Corporal Chambers, and John P. O'Brien were released from prison, with Davitt, in December, 1877. On January 5th, 1878, the first three-named returned to Ireland. They were met on their arrival at Kingstown by Parnell, O'Connor Power, and others. The men received a great ovation on reaching Westland Row, and with the cheers for the ‘political prisoners,’ were mingled cheers for ‘Parnell.’”

“Parnell invited the four men to breakfast at Morrison's Hotel, where a tragic scene occurred. As Sergeant McCarthy, who had suffered much in prison, entered the room he was seen to grow faint and stagger. He was

immediately helped to a sofa, where, in a few moments, he died. Parnell was much shocked, but the tragedy served to increase the respect and sympathy which he always felt for those who did and dared for Ireland. McCarthy, like many another Fenian, had risked all and lost all for the faith that was in him."

P. W. Nally.

A fate as tragic befell poor Nally. A fine type of young Mayo man, upright and manly, he was the champion athlete of his native county, and a general favourite with the people. Being a prominent member of the Fenian organisation, the Castle prosecutors pursued him for his revolutionary principles. Through the medium of a trap laid, and sworn to by a wretched informer named Coleman, in what was known as the Mayo conspiracy case of 1884, the government netted their victim, and Nally was sentenced to penal servitude. Davitt refers to him as being one of those who volunteered, by his influence and help, to organise the land demonstration at Irishtown, on Sunday April 19th, 1879. A few days previous to the time appointed for his release from Mountjoy prison he died in his 34th year. So strung was Irish feeling at this sad ending to a manly career, that a noble-hearted Protestant clergyman—Rev. M. H. Close, M.A., M.R.I.A.—requested, and got permission, to defray the expenses attendant on the funeral, which took place on November 12th, 1891.

John Keegan Casey,

THE poet, as he was called, of the Fenian movement, wrote under the pen name of "Leo," and was born at Mount

Dalton, Westmeath. Coming to Dublin he got employment on *The Nation*, and then on *The Irishman*. He is most popularly remembered by the song "The Rising of the Moon," which, written to the metre of "The Wearing of the Green," still holds a place among the favourite songs of the people. A collection of his poems was made after his death, and contains, among other spirited ballads, "Decking the Graves," "Our Pledge," "The Final Cast," "A Convict Lay," "A Cretan Song," and "The Soggarth Aroon." It was edited by a brother poet, Eugene Davis. He died St. Patrick's Day, 1870, aged 24 years. From his youth his life was devoted to the cause of Irish freedom. His last words were a prayer of intercession for his country's liberty and his soul's salvation. The cross erected to his memory is beautifully sculptured by Dennany of Glasnevin, and was erected by the Monuments Committee of the Young Ireland Society. At the base of the cross are shown the ruins of an ancient abbey, beside which rises the graceful round tower, with the Irish wolf dog crouching under its shadow. One of the panels contains a scroll, on which is carved in Irish the last verse of the "Rising of the Moon," and on another panel an extract from a second poem by the author:—

Stand forth ye eagle-eyed and young,
Whose veins are hot, whose souls are true,
Stand forth our battling host among
Who wage the ancient fight anew—
And you the weary in the strife
Who braved the bursting of the gale,
Rise up, refreshed to youthful life,
And aid the cause that shall not fail.

John Joseph Clarke, M.D.,

WHOSE memorial adjoins that to "Leo," served in the Irish Ambulance Corps, which went out to succour the French wounded in the terrible Franco-German struggle of 1870-71. He died at San Lorenzo, San Francisco, in the 25th year of his age, and is there interred.

Denis Caulfield Heron, Q.C.

MANY incidents in modern Irish history gather round Heron's name. When he entered Trinity College he won a scholarship, but was disqualified through his being a Catholic. He contested the decision in the law courts, and failed. His action, however, had the desired effect in altering the law some time afterwards.

It was more accident in his career than his own selection which placed him in 1869 in seeming hostility to the Fenians. He was in the field as candidate for the representation of Tipperary, when the Fenians decided to try their strength and popularity. They put up O'Donovan Rossa, then actually in penal servitude, to oppose him. Rossa was elected by 1,311 to 1,028 votes cast for Heron. The election was declared void, and in January, 1870, a new election was held. Mr. Heron was again the Liberal candidate, Charles Kickham this time carrying the Fenian standard. A majority of four made Heron member for Tipperary, 1,668 and 1,664 votes being recorded for the respective sides. This opposition to Heron was based on political, not on personal grounds, for he had defended with marked devotion many of the Fenian leaders at the Cork Summer Assizes of 1867. Among these were Captain John M'Clure, Edward Kelly, and Captain Mackey (Lomasney). He was fishing on Lough Corrib when death suddenly summoned him on April 15th, 1881,

Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce

WAS one of the largest literary contributors to the columns of *The Irish People*, the organ of the Fenian conspiracy, from 1863-65. He emigrated to Boston, Mass., in 1866, where he practised his profession as a physician with great success for many years. His devotion to Ireland never flagged, and it is interesting to recall, on the authority of Davitt, that "the night before the public meeting, held in Boston on December 8th, 1878, to launch the 'New-Departure' campaign, the future movement was fully discussed at the house of Dr. Joyce, author of "'Deirdre.'" All his later works were published in that city. He returned to Dublin in ill health—to die, for death claimed him on October 24th, 1883—scarcely a month after his arrival. "Those," says John O'Leary, in "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism," "who are curious to know what he was, and what he did, must seek him in his volume of 'Ballads,' and in what may be called the Irish epics, 'Deirdre and Blánid.' He was, since Scott, the most objective of English-writing poets. He was mostly historical, and nearly always warlike." He was a brother of Dr. P. W. Joyce, LL.D.

Dr. P. W. Joyce,

LIKE his brother, was a Limerick man, and joined the Board of National Education in the early 'Forties. He steadily rose in the government service, until he attained to the Professorship of Training in the Dublin Model Schools. He was thus brought into contact with young men in training from Irish-speaking districts, and utilized this advantage to produce his "Names of Irish Places," which is a standard work to-day. He took an active interest in Irish literature, as evidenced by his "Early Celtic

Romances," the "Wonders of Ireland," a "Social History of Ireland," etc. On the revival of native Irish studies he brought out a grammar of the Irish Language, a model of neatness and skill, and edited a portion of "Keating's History of Ireland," for school purposes. His chief interest centered in the preservation of Irish airs, which he jotted down from the country-folk, and committed to paper and to the press in book form for various societies, and at varying intervals. He belonged to all the learned societies in Ireland of his day. He survived his retirement from official life many years, and died on the 7th January, 1914.

William Maunsell Hennessy

HAD earned a reputation as an expert scholar of Irish long before the modern movement for its preservation took shape. A native of Kerry, he was well ground in the vernacular before he left "The Kingdom" for America, where he resided several years. Returning to his native country, he embarked his fortunes in a second-hand book-shop in Dublin, where works relating to Ireland were chiefly his stock-in-trade. Mangan and John O'Daly had long passed away, but Hennessy in the 'Seventies had a memory fresh of incidents in the lives of both. O'Daly's book-shop in Anglesea Street had been a place of favourite resort with Mangan. Hennessy lectured well, and Mangan was often one of his "subjects," but he never dissected the poet with the keen and cutting knife that Mitchel brought to the operation. He was appointed at length to a position in the Record Office through the influence of Sir Samuel Ferguson, the Deputy-keeper of the Records. In this new office Hennessy had opportunities of bringing his knowledge of Irish to bear upon the many quaint

documents that came before him for examination and report. He was also versed in Norman-French, and Anglo-Norman literature, and the early records bearing upon the Norman invaders he could interpret and analyse. Added to this, he was a good Latin, French, and German scholar. Elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy, he was appointed Todd Lecturer in Irish, a position for which he was well qualified, as he could give scholarly expositions and translations of the Gaelic manuscripts, of which the Academy is a storehouse. Its "Proceedings" of the 16th March, 1889, bear testimony to the loss Irish scholarship met with in his death. "In the publication of the 'Annals of Loch Cé,' and the 'Chronicon Scotorum,' he gave proofs of consummate ability and inspiring diligence in the solution of many a knotty problem whose difficulty can only be appreciated by fellow-students. His most admirable piece of work, as it certainly is the most interesting, was his translation of the famous Irish tale in the 'Leabhar Breac,' the 'Vision of MacConglinny,' published in *Frazer's Magazine*, September, 1873. It is not an exaggeration to say that this translation would of itself have placed him in the first rank of Irish scholars of the day; though wonderfully literal, it yet enables a reader to recognise the attractiveness of the original. As almost the only tale remaining to us from olden time of genuine Irish humour, it was well that it should receive admittance into the general current of literature through the excellent translation of so capable a scholar." Domestic bereavements sadly troubled Hennessy and hastened his end, which came prematurely, in January, 1889. He was the last of a group of Irish scholars that belonged to the school of which Todd, O'Donovan, and O'Curry were the central figures.

Richard Coyne.

O'CONNELL had ever a great esteem for Coyne, and whenever he wanted a place for his meetings he selected the bookshop at 4 Capel Street, where he was always sure of a welcome from its kindly proprietor. Before the Catholic Association attained to its subsequent great proportions it was here the weekly Saturday meetings were held. Coyne was a Catholic bookseller on a large scale in those days; and one comes now and again across the brown leather-bound devotional works bearing the name "Richard Coyne" as publisher, which are strangely reminiscent of the man and the tempestuous times in which he took a not inconsiderable part. He was known to all the foremost men of that day—and even to men who were then going down the declivity of life—whether from years or suffering. Father Taaffe was among the last less favoured class, and Coyne humanely provided for him a home in the salubrious quarters of James's Street. But since the irate and eccentric clergyman could see the red flag, against which he had fought at Ballyellis, floating from the Magazine Fort in the Park, he resented his friend's selection of such lodgings, and roundly abused him. Coyne was a confidant of the great Dr. Doyle, and made many journeys to Braganza, the episcopal house in Carlow, for instructions and directions in the work he was carrying out for the bishop. He died in June of 1856.

Peter Paul McSwiney, J.P.

WAS principal of the great drapery firm, McSwiney, Delany & Co., in Sackville Street, and took a very active part in the politics of the period in which he lived. He was Lord Mayor of Dublin at the time of the O'Connell

Centenary in 1875, and caused not a little irritation at the Mansion House Banquet by calling on Gavan Duffy, instead of Isaac Butt, to respond to the toast of "Ireland a Nation." McSwiney did not favour Isaac Butt's policy of Home Rule, and regarded Duffy as the inheritor of O'Connell's policy of Repeal. He tried to induce Duffy to re-enter Irish public life. Duffy himself in "North and South," tells of McSwiney's strategy and failure. "I was invited to a conference of three persons at the Mansion House, the purpose of which was to found a new Repeal Association on the old lines of 1843, and a National journal to sustain its policy. I inquired who was to furnish funds for so costly an undertaking as a daily paper, and he told me, after some hesitation, that, in addition to his own large contribution, the Cardinal (Cullen) promised a substantial share of the capital. I demanded if the Lord Mayor knew that his Eminence regarded me, who was invited to direct these operations, as a man who ought to endure a long penance on bread and water before being permitted to serve the country again. He rejoined that the Cardinal had quite altered his opinion on this point. I replied that I had not altered mine. I still thought that the policy of excluding priests from politics to make way for bishops, and excluding bishops to make way for archbishops, was execrable; that I had always striven to rear a people able to judge and act for themselves; to rear men and citizens, not grown children or obedient mutes; and that I would be mad to undertake the task he designed for me, where there existed difference of principle so fundamental and unchangeable." In his mayoralty old Essex bridge was rebuilt and widened, and opened on New Year's Day, 1875, when it was re-named Grattan Bridge. "Peter Paul," as he was familiarly styled, was Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Gregory

the Great, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He died 27th February, 1884, his only surviving son following him to the grave a year later.

Michael Angelo Hayes

MADE his name celebrated by his military pictures. He was a son-in-law of Peter Paul McSwiney, to whom he acted as secretary when the former held the chief magistracy of the capital. Hayes also became City Marshal of Dublin. Art was a forte of the family, his father having followed that profession as a miniature painter, and they are both interred in the one grave—the father dying in 1864, and the son in 1877.

John Fisher Murray.

IN the second volume of Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland," p. 66, he makes the statement that "The writing of *The Nation* was chiefly done by those who founded the journal, but the occasional contributors at this time show how widely sympathy had spread. Among them were William Carleton and John Fisher Murray, habitual writers in the Conservative periodicals." Murray was born in 1811, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A., 1830, and M.A., 1832. O'Donoghue, in "Dictionary of Irish Poets," states he wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine* during some years, contributing to it several series of amusing and instructive articles on "The World of London," "Environs of London," etc., and a clever novel entitled "The Viceroy," dealing with Dublin official life, and satirising it unmercifully. All these works were reprinted, and published in volumes. He also wrote many poems to the same periodical, to *Dublin University*

Magazine, *Nation*, *United Irishman* (1848), etc., and some articles to latter journal, his "War with Everybody," appearing in the third number of *The Nation*, and being republished in the *Voice of the Nation*. His poems in *The Nation* were generally signed "J. F. M.," and "Maire." He is represented in Hayes' "Ballads of Ireland," and other collections. Murray died in Dublin on October 20th, 1865.

Dargan and Boland.

MRS. DARGAN, the wife of the great Irish Railway Contractor, survived her husband until the 4th November, 1882, when she died in London at the age of eighty-two. She is buried in the same grave with James Boland, a nephew of Dargan, who, like his uncle, was long and honourably connected with railway extension in Ireland.

Davitt.

"IN loving memory of Michael Davitt, who died in Dublin, 30th May, 1906, aged 60 years, and who, in accordance with his wishes, is buried near his birth-place in Straide, Co. Mayo, this monument is erected by his wife, Mary. R.I.P." Davitt's eldest daughter is here interred. She died in Killiney when her father was travelling abroad.

John George MacCarthy

DIED in 1892. He was regarded in his day as a mild type of Land Reformer, and by voice and pen did something to better the lot of the Irish farmer previous to the coming of Parnell and Davitt on the scene. He was a Knight of St. Gregory. Under Lord Salisbury's government he be-

came a Land Purchase Commissioner, and it was a popular appointment. He died in London on 7th September, 1892, aged 63 years.

R. J. O'Mulrennin

Is buried near MacCarthy. O'Mulrennin was very versatile. He knew and spoke many languages, including Irish, and European *savants* on coming to Ireland made it a point to get in touch with him. He was an authority on agricultural matters, and his articles were for years a feature of *The Weekly Freeman*. He also indulged in poetry, as will be seen on reference to O'Donoghue's "Dictionary of Irish Poets." He entered Trinity in advanced years as a sizar, and took out his M.A. degree. His epitaph in Irish reads:—

"Rirthead 1. Ua Maolneannain, fuair báir an 28aó. lá de mí deireadh an Fómhair, 1906, ra 74aó bliadhain da faoigal. Bá h-eolaic é i n-iltéangais na h-Eorpa, go móir-móir ra téangais Saéilge 7 fóir i gceol 7 damra na h-Éireann agus i móirám d'ealaó-naib eile."

Joseph Downey.

ABOUT fifteen feet from the path is the grave of Joseph Downey, whose writings were full of promise. He was, as the lettering on the Celtic cross tells us, "the author of many beautiful poems which were published in *The Irishman*, *The Flag of Ireland*, and *The Shamrock*. But he died in the spring-time of life, in the summer of the year 1870 — the 11th June, in his 24th year." A verse from one of his own poems laments him:—

"Grow daisies, grow shamrocks above him,
Ye summer winds dolefully sigh,
While he lived we but knew him to love him,
Mavrone, that so soon he should die!"

James F. X. O'Brien, M.P.,

NATIONALIST member of Parliament for Cork, died suddenly in London on May 28th, 1905. Mr. O'Brien was born in 1831. He was associated with James Fintan Lalor in 1849, and he had to leave Ireland in consequence. Going to Nicaragua, and thence to New Orleans, he met James Stephens, and became a Fenian. He returned to Ireland in 1862, and became one of the most prominent leaders of the movement in the South. In O'Leary's "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism," it is stated that the correspondent signing himself "D'l'Abbaye," in the columns of *The Irish People*, was O'Brien. He was in command during the fight at the Mallow Junction in 1867, and, being arrested shortly after, he was tried for high treason, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. This barbarous sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. He served a number of years, and was then set free under the Amnesty Act. He was ten years a member of Parliament for South Mayo, and for a similar period he represented Cork. "He loved God and served his country," and was, to quote Davitt, "as true a type of Irish patriot as ever bore the Dalcassian name."

John J. Haugh, B.A.,

At the time of his death was connected with the teaching staff of Blackrock College. He was a native of Clare, spoke Irish fluently, and was honorary secretary to the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. As a mathematician he held a foremost place, and his "Higher Arithmetic" is a standard work. He was much beloved by his colleagues and his pupils. He died 29th October, 1908,

leaving a gap in the educational ranks of the land he loved well. The Celtic cross over his grave reminds us :—

ní báir o'ár bpariairé-mairéann a clú 'r a cail
 1 5-croíde a cailao, 1 bpariann glar innre-fáil.
 Death is not Victor—his name and worth prevail
 In loved one's hearts, in emerald Innisfail.

Edmund Dwyer-Gray

WAS born in Dublin in 1845. By his mother he was connected with the family of the celebrated Dr. Geoffrey Keating, the Irish historian, and with that Colonel John O'Dwyer, commemorated in the old ballad known as "Seaghan Ua Duibhir an Gleanna" (John O'Dwyer of the Glen). On his father, Sir John Gray's death in 1875, *The Freeman's Journal* became his sole property. He contested Kilkenny, his father's seat in Parliament, as a Home Ruler, but was defeated. He entered the House of Commons as member for Tipperary in May, 1877, and at the general election, in April, 1880, was chosen one of the candidates for Carlow county, when he and Mr. McFarlane defeated Kavanagh and Bruen—two noted Tory landlords. The latter year he was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. In October, 1881, he moved the motion to confer the Freedom of the City upon Parnell and Dillon, which was beaten by the casting vote of the Conservative Lord Mayor, Moyers. In August, 1882, he was sentenced by Judge Lawson to three months' imprisonment, and ordered to pay a fine of £500 for criticising the jury and the court which convicted Francis Hynes of murder—a penalty which Mr. Gladstone admitted, in the House of Commons, was without precedent. At the time of his death—which came with startling suddenness, in March, 1888—he represented the

Stephen's Green division of his native city. He was a very successful journalist, and guided with remarkable skill the fortunes of *The Freeman* during the stormy times of the Land League agitation.

Robert Ornsby and Leamington Arnold.

ORNSBY was an M.A. and F.R.U.I., and died on Easter Sunday, April 21st, 1889, aged 69 years.

Arnold died on the 21st February, 1896, in his 37th year.

Ornsby was connected with the Catholic University in the days of Newman's Rectorship, and on the establishment of the Royal—since supplanted by the National—University, he was elected on its Senate.

Dr. More Madden

WAS the son of Dr. R. R. Madden, the illustrious writer of "The Lives of the United Irishmen." The latter is buried in Donnybrook cemetery. The wording of the son's epitaph reads:—"In loving memory of Thomas More Madden (The O'Madden), M.D., J.P., Tinode, County Wicklow, died April, 1902, aged 64." Dr. More Madden has left us a Life of his father.

The Rev. Vladimir Petcherine

HAS a modest monument erected to his memory by the Sisters of Mercy. For the long space of twenty-three years he was chaplain to the Mater Misericordiæ, and died in 1885, at the age of 79. In his early ministry in Kingstown he got into trouble by burning versions of the Bible, which, he contended, had been corrupted. He was ably defended

by Thomas—(afterwards Lord Chancellor)—O'Hagan, who vindicated his client so ably that he was acquitted. Father Petcherine was a Russian by birth, and had a soul for sympathy and suffering.

Thomas H. Burke.

THE 6th May, 1882, brought sorrow and suffering in its train—national and domestic. On the evening of that date—a Saturday—Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, Under-Secretary, and Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, were assassinated in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. After a year arrests were made, and it was then ascertained that the members of a secret society, calling themselves "Invincibles," had perpetrated the crime. Several of the conspirators were sentenced to terms of penal servitude, and four were executed. The assassinations were reprobated by Parnell, Davitt, and Dillon, on behalf of the Irish people, but, notwithstanding, a Coercion Bill, drastic in its operation, became law, and the jails in Ireland became filled with "suspects." Meanwhile the victims of the assassinations had been laid to rest, and in Glasnevin a monument to Mr. Burke was raised, on which mention is made of the direful circumstances under which he fell.

Thomas Sheehan,

OR, as Luby calls him, "Remmy" Sheehan, of *The Dublin Evening Mail*, had an antipathy to O'Connell apart from ordinary journalistic warfare. His leaders were virulent when directed against any of the national or Catholic leaders of opinion. O'Connell rasped him by calling him an "apostate," which in truth he was. Sheehan waited at Morrison's Hotel, now the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company,

to chastise his tormentor. He valorously struck O'Connell with an umbrella across the arm, and then, writes Luby, "consulting the better part of valour, ran off." O'Connell required that Sheehan should be bound over to keep the peace for the protection of himself and family. "I even wish it for the protection of Mr. Sheehan himself."

"I want none of your protection," roared Sheehan. "I am able to protect myself." Sheehan was condemned to three months' imprisonment, but would possibly have been released on O'Connell's representation had not Sheehan himself obstinately refused to accept his accuser's friendly overture. It is gratifying to know that before death he returned to the faith of his early allegiance. The inscription on his tomb records that he died on Lady Day, March 25th, 1880.

O'Lanndy.

NOT many years ago there were only three tombstones in Glasnevin having inscriptions in the Irish Language. Cynics suggested that, like Latin, it would be a very appropriate language in which to write epitaphs, as it, too, was moribund. Their advice, as if seriously intended, was acted on, and the inscriptions in Irish have multiplied of late years, although the O'Donovan monument of all monuments does not contain a word of it. O'Lanndy's was one of the three:—

"Ἀτά ἀν περικ το τόγτα Σεῶαν Ο'Λαννοῦ ὁ βῆαιλε-
 ἀν φῦννῆρε ἃ ἑ-τονοῶε Ὑῆαιλε ἀν Ἀτά-Ἰλιατ ἃ
 ἑ-cuimniúgáð ionáð aólaicte ἃ ὀειμβῆράν, εἰδόν,
 Εἰλίρα Τελερεῖ Νί Λοννοῦ, νοὸς ο'έας ἀν τῆμινύγáð ἰά
 αἱρ ῖτῆῖρο νε ἑἰονβαίρ, mccccxxi. Requiescat in Pace."

Daniel O'Connell.

“Therefore, we come in one united band,
To hail in him the hero of the land,
To bless his memory, and with loud acclaim
To all the winds, on all the wings of fame,
Waft to the listening world the great O'Connell's name.”

—From “Centenary Ode,” by D. F. MCCARTHY.

THE Liberator, was born in Kerry, in 1775. He was a student in St. Omer's at fifteen years of age. He returned to Ireland in 1793, a youth of eighteen, and commenced his studies for the Bar. Called at the Easter Term of 1798, his success was immediate and phenomenal. In 1800 he made his first speech, and it was directed against the Union. It was delivered at a Catholic meeting, held at the Royal Exchange, Dublin, on the 13th January, 1800, and he declared he would prefer the re-enactment of the whole penal code to the destruction of the Irish Parliament. “He was then,” writes Lady Wilde, “twenty-five, with a fine, tall, manly, athletic figure, and a noble, commanding air, with considerable dignity about the carriage and movement of the head and shoulders. Among ten thousand a stranger's eye would at once have fixed on him as the true king. Even to the last he retained this majesty of bearing.” From 1805-1819 he was the main-spring of the Catholic machinery in Dublin, whilst Grattan presented petitions, and pleaded the case of the Catholics for Emancipation at Westminster. Grattan's appeals were wasted on unwilling and obdurate ears. In 1805, and again in 1808, the House of Commons spurned them. The divisions in Ireland itself between those who would accept conditional terms, and those who rightly stood for full and unqualified liberation—in other words the Vetoists and the Anti-Vetoists—were seized upon by the English Government as a justification

of their attitude of hostility to both. The aristocratic Irish Party would willingly have compromised their religious for their social freedom. It was against this clique—formidable in wealth, but not in numbers—that O'Connell manfully battled. In 1810 O'Connell attended a meeting at the Royal Exchange, convened by the High Sheriff, for the Repeal of the Union, and declared his preference for Repeal to the concession of the Catholic claims. There was no response from the Irish people. There was no life in Ireland. Even the repudiation by the Irish Bishops themselves of the ecclesiastical clauses in the Relief Bill, as incompatible with the discipline of the Catholic Church, could not induce the aristocratic wing to refuse assent to insulting restrictions. They even challenged a division on a vote of thanks to the Irish Bishops, and they were beaten by 61 to 20. O'Connell proposed the vote on the 29th May, 1812. In 1813, on the dissolution and re-assembling of Parliament, the apathy of most Catholics, and the recreancy and cowardice of the wealthy members of their body, left their cause helpless and hopeless. The leader himself found it difficult to find a following. He devoted all his spare time and his private purse to maintain an organisation; he removed the place of meeting from Capel Street to Crow Street, where less pretentious quarters helped to curtail expenditure; he showed an example of punctuality at its proceedings, and endeavoured to instil some of his own high spirit into his flagging and listless hearers. It was pitiable enough. But the adverse and uninviting surroundings only served to bring forth evidence of the indomitable will and unconquerable resolution of the great Tribune. He made the calls on his professional time subordinate to Catholic interests, and that at a period when he was much in demand, and his reputation at the

Bar unrivalled. Luby considered there "was no oration which surpassed, or perhaps even equalled, in truth, scorn, defiance, boldness, vehemence and power, his wonderful defence of Magee." This was in 1814. Catholic claims had made no progress. The abdication of Napoleon also contributed to make the English Parliament less yielding to Irish pressure. O'Connell's resources were always ready to cheer his countrymen, and to secure any and every vantage ground from which he could deliver assaults on his ever wary and watchful enemies. He personated Irish liberty as well as Catholic claims, and he was the mark at which all shafts were shot, so that the principles he advanced might be tarnished, retarded, or defeated. Hence d'Esterre's challenge, and the duel which followed on the evening of the 1st February, 1814. It was as the champion of Irish rights he was assailed, and it was with an intense feeling of relief, not unmixed with pity for his fallen foe, that O'Connell emerged unscathed from the field at Bishops court. In 1816 the English Parliament viewed, no doubt, with ill-concealed satisfaction, the spectacle of Grattan and Sir Henry Parnell presenting petitions from Ireland from two distinct and hostile groups, both calling out for Emancipation, but unable to agree on the terms upon which they would take it. On May 3rd, 1819, the Catholic question was again brought prominently forward. On that date Grattan presented eight Roman Catholic petitions, and five Protestant petitions in favour of the Catholic claims. The Bill was only rejected by two votes. It was Grattan's last appearance in the House on behalf of Catholic rights, of which he had ever been the foremost Protestant champion. The great patriot's voice was soon afterwards stilled in death.

Disheartened by this defeat, O'Connell, in 1821, urged

the Catholics of Ireland to concentrate upon Parliamentary Reform, and no longer petition for Emancipation. The visit of George IV. later in the same year, and the coming of Wellesley as Lord Lieutenant, again revived hope, which was as quickly dispelled by the Viceroy's curt and caustic statement that "he came to administer the laws, not to alter them." O'Connell pinned him to this declaration, and demanded its application to the lawless attitude and action of the Orange party in Dublin.

A remarkable epoch in O'Connell's life was the founding of the Irish Catholic Association. On Friday, the 25th April, 1823, the first informal meeting was held. John O'Connell thus writes of it in the second volume he edited of his father's speeches, p. 190:—"Little did the Government imagine what an engine was about to be set at work. Catholic agitation seemed to them, at that moment, to be sunk below contempt. The divisions of the Veto, the continued disappointments of hope, in particular, the utter annihilation of the sanguine, and, apparently, most assured hope, the King's visit and fair speeches had excited; the impunity, absolute and unbroken, which was given to the wildest Orange excesses, had the most depressing and deadening influence upon the spirits of the Catholics, and few—very few indeed—anticipated the extraordinary *moral resurrection* that was now about to take place."

It was formally established on Monday, 12th May, 1823, and it was decided to hold the meetings in Coyne's of Capel Street. The "Monthly Emancipation Rent" was soon afterwards adopted as the plan of subscription—or, as some of its opponents and scoffers nicknamed it—"The penny-a-month plan for liberating Ireland." Its success was wonderful. New premises had to be acquired in Dublin, and new arrangements of committees and officers

were set on foot. The country was at last awakened. With a new generation a new soul had come into Ireland. The Government took alarm at this unexpected menace to their settled policy of opposition to Catholic claims, and on the 25th February, 1824, the Algerine Act, as O'Connell called it, passed the third reading, and the Association, so far as a British statute could effect its purpose, ceased to exist. A dexterous remodelling of the rules brought the Association outside the scope of the penal clauses relied upon for its suppression, and a revived organisation resumed sway, with its power intact, and the prestige of its leader enhanced. The Waterford election of 1825 was the first test of its vigour. Villiers Stuart opposed the local magnate, Lord George Beresford, for the representation of the county. O'Connell was anything but sanguine of success, though he took part in the contest, and threw himself with all his accustomed energy into the fight. Before the battle was over Beresford retired, crestfallen and beaten, from the field. The despised forty-shilling freeholders had polled to a man for Stuart. They had struck a great blow for Ireland. In March, 1827, Parliament took into consideration the laws oppressing Catholics, but a majority of four slapped the door of the constitution against them. The next great event was the Clare election of 1828, in which O'Connell opposed Vesey Fitzgerald, and beat him by 1,075 votes. The forty-shilling freeholders stood firm and true, as they had done in the Waterford contest, and their loyalty won Emancipation, when O'Connell was declared duly elected member for Clare on the 8th July, 1828. The Government immediately saw there was no use now in staving off the inevitable. O'Connell arrived in London on the 16th February, 1829. His advent synchronised with the introduction of a Bill to suppress the Association,

but before it became law timid counsels prevailed in Dublin, and against the wishes of its founder, it was decided to dissolve. Almost simultaneously—30th March, 1829—the Government passed the Emancipation Bill through the Commons by a majority of 178. It was read a third time in the House of Lords on the 10th April, and on the 13th the Royal assent was given to it by Commission. “The field was fought and won” at last, and O’Connell proudly designated the 14th April, 1829, as “The First Day of Freedom.” On May 18th, 1829—and for the third time—he appeared at the Bar of the House to claim his seat. His claim was negatived by 190 to 116. They were bent upon sending him back to his constituents, relying on a clause in the Emancipation Bill, which made his return void prior to the passing of the Act. The following day he refused to take the oath: “I see in this oath an assertion as a matter of opinion which I know to be false. I see in it another assertion as a matter of fact which I believe to be untrue. I therefore refuse to take the oath.” A new writ for Clare issued, and O’Connell was re-elected unopposed. On the 4th February, 1830, he took his seat for the first time, and made his maiden speech.

The session over, he returned in August, 1830, to Darrynane, whence he issued letter after letter to the Irish people on every question of public importance—the revolution in France, the insurrection in Belgium, Parliamentary Reform, Commutation of Tithes—but all tending to his one great ideal now—the Repeal of the Union. In 1830 he addressed four letters to the public on this great question, which “created,” says his friend, O’Neill Daunt, “quite a sensation.” Men’s minds were not prepared so soon to enter on another, and far more reaching, agitation.

The movement for the abolition of the iniquitous Tithe

system began in 1831, and engrossed attention the succeeding three years. Sanguinary affrays took place between the police, military, and the people in many parts of Ireland in the endeavour to collect the obnoxious impost. Nevertheless, at the General Election of 1832 forty members were elected, pledged to Repeal, and O'Connell brought the question before Parliament in 1834, on an amendment to the Address. He was supported by only thirty-eight votes in a house of over five hundred members, and he never re-introduced the subject directly before Parliament. He, no doubt, wisely thought that it was idle to urge the question before an assembly, so hostile and prejudiced, and he resolved to found the Repeal Association, and to confine the area of the agitation to his own country.

On the 15th April, 1840, he considered it opportune to launch it, and Daunt states it soon "surpassed the Catholic Association in the number of its members, in the extent of its funds, in the steady enthusiasm of its friends, and in the exquisite perfection of detail with which its organisation penetrated into every nook and corner of the country. ("Eighty-five years of Irish History," vol. i., p.p. 154 and 155). In September, 1841, he was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. Throughout the land the gathering cry was "Repeal." Vast concourses of men and women assembled, in obedience to his call, at Tara, Mullaghmast, Mallow, Tullamore, Tuam, Clifden, and other historic localities—thirty in all—to declare their loyalty in the "Uncrowned King," and their determination to achieve the Repeal of the Union. "In 1843," says Gavan Duffy, in "Young Ireland," p. 166, "O'Connell worked with an energy, prodigious in one who neared the term assigned to man." These meetings were to have culminated in one at Clontarf, and it was fixed for

the 8th October, 1843, but the Government stepped in and proclaimed it. The State Trials, in which he was one of the traversers, ensued, and he was imprisoned in Richmond Bridewell on the 30th May, 1844, with many of his chief supporters. An English appellate tribunal pronouncing the trial and conviction "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare," he was, with his colleagues, liberated on the 6th September, 1844. Paying a visit to Darrynane soon after, Gavan Duffy gives us a beautiful pen-picture of the Chieftain's home-life. "When we (*i.e.*, John O'Hagan, Denis Florence McCarthy, and Gavan Duffy), reached Darrynane we found O'Connell and a number of his visitors in his mountain home. He looked an Irish Chieftain nowhere so thoroughly as in his own house. Whoever has seen him conducting his guests on an autumn noon through the picturesque defiles above Darrynane, or out with his beagles enjoying the primitive sport of a mountain district, and sitting at the head of his board, a gracious and watchful host, will have a series of pleasant pictures in his memory." ("Young Ireland," vol. ii., p. 102). Denis Florence McCarthy has left on record his impressions of this visit, in which the question is asked and answered:--

"And who is the chief of this lordly domain?
 Does a slave hold the land where a monarch might
 reign?
 Oh! no, by St. Finbar, nor cowards, nor slaves
 Could live in the sound of these free, dashing waves!
 A Chieftain, the greatest the world has e'er known—
 Laurel his coronet—true hearts his throne—
 Knowledge his sceptre—a Nation his clan—
 O'Connell, the Chieftain, of Proud Darrynane."

"His life," says Lady Wilde, "was a triumph over every Government without producing anarchy; and he

overthrew all laws that stood in his path without violating one. That he was the first statesman of his age is proved by his success. The man who could rule the English Cabinet—the mere Irish Catholic barrister—from his arm-chair at Darrynane, without ever resorting to or inculcating one act of violence to terrify it into submission, must have had an intellect so great that we can only comprehend it partially by studying some of its effects, and finding that, as he had no equal, so he left no successor. . . . He seized every weapon that came in his way, with the audacity of conscious force, and trod down fearlessly all opposition, all the old miserable cant that the nation would be ruined if Catholics were admitted to political and social equality with the Protestants of the empire (“Men, Women, and Books.”) D’Israeli characterised his advent to Parliament as “one of the great events of the century.” The winter of the famine 1845-46 broke O’Connell’s heart.

The secession of the Young Ireland Party from his councils, if it raised the tone of the country, distracted and divided it, and, possibly, hastened his end. His last speech in Parliament, on the 8th February, 1847, was a pathetic appeal to alleviate the sufferings of his stricken country. On his way to Rome, in 1847, he died at Genoa, on the 15th May.

“In ‘Genoa the Superb’ O’Connell dies—
That city of Columbus by the sea,
Beneath the canopy of azure skies,
As high and cloudless as his fame must be.”

His remains were in due time brought back to the Ireland he adored, and interred in Glasnevin, amid every manifestation of national mourning. The Round Tower, under which he now rests, rises to a height of 168½ feet.

The chief street of the capital of his country bears his name, as does also the noble bridge which spans the Liffey, fronting which is reared Foley's majestic statue to his immortal memory.

The O'Gorman Mahon, M.P.

THE gallant, dashing, and handsome O'Gorman Mahon was a native of Clare, and even a year before his death, at the age of ninety, was one of the most interesting personalities in Parliament. He entered the great Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, Sallins, in 1815, his name in the College records following those of Timothy, Nicholas and Francis Mahony, the two first-named being the founders of the well-known cloth firm of Blarney; the third the celebrated Father "Prout," author of "The Bells of Shandon."

The O'Gorman Mahon proposed O'Connell's nomination at the historic Clare election of 1828. Wearing a green sash, carrying a medal of the "Order of Liberators," and seating himself on a ledge projecting from the gallery of the Courthouse in Ennis, overlooking the mass of rural voters packed on the floor, he was called upon by the High Sheriff to "take off that badge." To the great delight of O'Connell and his supporters, he resolutely refused, and the High Sheriff deemed it prudent not to insist. He sat in the House of Commons in an unreformed Parliament for his native county from 1830-31, attaining senatorial honours before Mr. Gladstone, who did not enter Parliament till 1832. His career was varied and romantic. A Master of Arts of Trinity, an Irish Barrister, a Justice of the Peace, and Deputy-Lieutenant for an Irish county, and a militia captain, he attained the summit of his ambition by being appointed an admiral in the Peruvian fleet. His political

experience was unrivalled. He was unseated on petition in 1831; in 1847 he was again returned to Parliament, but was ousted in 1851. Again in 1879, an interval of twenty-seven years, he was returned for Clare, the seat he held in 1831. On his nomination, seconded by Joseph Gillis Biggar, Parnell was elected Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party at a meeting held in Dublin on April 26th, 1880. He did not seek election in 1885 or 1886, but was chosen for Carlow in 1887. On taking the oath he insisted on shaking hands, not only with the Speaker, but with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Smith, and then sat down on the front Opposition Bench beside Mr. Gladstone! He died in London. His remains were brought over to Dublin, and interred within the O'Connell circle, on Sunday, June 21st, 1891. The breast-plate on the coffin bore the inscription:—"James Patrick The O'Gorman Mahon, M.P., born 17th March, 1800, died 6th June, 1891. R.I.P."

Tom Steele,

THE right-hand man of the Liberator—the Head Pacifier—was born at Derrymore, Co. Clare, in 1788. His personal devotion to O'Connell was unbounded. He seconded the nomination of his chief for the representation of Clare in 1828, the outcome of which was a duel with Smith O'Brien in June, 1829, who had not then come over to the popular side. O'Brien hazarded the remark that O'Connell was not supported at the election by any of the gentry of the county. This Steele resented, and an exchange of shots, happily harmless, took place at Kilburn Meadows, near London. In early life Steele had been a soldier in the Spanish army, and devoted large sums of money to any cause he espoused. He shared O'Connell's

captivity in Richmond Prison, and "wherever there was a local despot to be faced, or a popular tumult to be quelled, there he insisted was his post" ("Young Ireland," vol. i., p. 6). After O'Connell's death life had little zest for him, and he followed to the grave soon afterwards. He died in London, but his remains were brought to Dublin, waked in Conciliation Hall, and interred beside his chosen chief. A monument commemorative of his services was erected by the Cemeteries' Committee on the occasion of the O'Connell centenary, 1875.

Very Rev. Dr. Spratt.

BEFORE descending to the crypt which contains the mortal remains of O'Connell, we notice on the ground level above the vaults the memorial to this great divine on the right, and that to Tom Steele on the left. Dr. Spratt's epitaph is an epitome of a long and strenuous career in the Church. "Sacred to the memory of the Very Rev. John Spratt, D.D., who departed this life on the Eve of Pentecost, 1871, in the 75th year of his age, and the 51st of his ministry. He was for many years Provincial of the Carmelite Order in Ireland. It was by his exertions, and under his superintendence that the church of that Order was erected in Whitefriar Street, A.D., 1826. He was the vigilant guardian of St. Peter's Orphanage from its foundation, and for upwards of forty years he was Honorary Secretary of the Roomkeepers' Society. He was one of the first to join Father Mathew in the crusade against intemperance, and, with Monsignor Yore, continued to be the champion of that holy warfare to the latest moments of his earthly career. He was the zealous founder of St. Joseph's Night Refuge, Cork Street, for the Homeless Poor; and the Asylum for the Catholic Female Blind, formerly at Porto-

bello, and now at Merrion, was one of his happiest inspirations. To him the schools in Whitefriar Street, male and female, owe their origin and efficiency."

Dr. Spratt was aided in these benevolent enterprises by Lord Cloncurry, who made the Carmelite clergyman the channel through which he dispensed, often anonymously, his gifts to the institutions and charities of Dublin. This epitaph leaves untouched Dr. Spratt's services to Ireland outside his priestly office. When Mitchel was struck down, on the 26th May, 1848, by "a packed jury, a partisan judge, and a perjured sheriff," Cloncurry's patriotism, and generous impulse found immediate expression in the following letter to Dr. Spratt:—

"May 29th, 1848.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR.—I pray you to tender the enclosed acceptance [it was a cheque for £100], to Mrs. John Mitchel, for herself and children. The miserable state to which the country has been reduced by the Union, and the different phases of bad government to which we have been subjected, prevent my offering more to that unhappy lady.

"Very sincerely and respectfully yours,

"CLONCURRY."

("Life and Times of Lord Cloncurry.")

He endeavoured, though without avail, to bridge the gap that divided Young and Old Ireland. His practical mind saw in the resuscitation of native industries employment for the people and prosperity for the country. The movement of 1849 languished and died the same year. In 1850 it was successfully revived, and Dr. Spratt was one of its main pillars of support, but after some years of useful work, disunion—the bane of everything Irish—split the

organisation into jealous and jarring factions. Lord Cloncurry co-operated with him in an endeavour to bring together the national parties, and secure unanimity among the manufacturing interests, but their efforts proved fruitless. These failures did not damp the desire of priest or peer to lighten or alleviate the lot of Ireland.

The great Tenant-right combination of North and South, which met in conference at Dublin, on the 6th August, 1850, found Dr. Spratt one of the delegates; and he held on to the principles and actions of the League, till "treason, like a deadly blight," came over its counsels, and blasted its prospects. The good he did is not interred with his bones. St. Joseph's Night Refuge still quietly, but none the less effectively, fulfils the mission of mercy for which he ordained it in 1861, as do also the other institutions with which his life was once prominently identified. The church of his Order, and the schools attached to it, minister zealously, as of old, to the religious needs and educational requirements of their crowded surroundings. Appropriately were the words selected from Holy Writ that are graven above his epitaph: "Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labours, and their works follow them."

Maurice O'Connell, B.L.,

WAS the darling of the young men of the National Party in 1833. So Duffy esteemed him. He was also the ablest of the sons of O'Connell—"the one," remarks Luby, "gifted with the greatest share of ability, and patriotism, and manhood. Indeed he was in many respects a fine, bold, dashing fellow." He contributed by prose and poetry to the stirring literature of the times, and helped General Cloney, the rebel chief of '98 in the compilation of his

memoirs. He represented the County of Clare in Parliament. He died on June 24th, 1853, aged 49 years, without realising any of the fair hopes his early years had excited.

John O'Connell, B.L.,

WAS his father's favourite son, but inherited little of his father's ability. Duffy remarks that had his life lain among the by-ways of life he might have been happy and, perhaps, useful. He was one of the traversers in the State prosecutions, and was imprisoned with his father. He edited two volumes of the Liberator's speeches, and he represented successively in Parliament Youghal, Athlone, Kilkenny, Limerick, and Clonmel. "On his father's death," says Duffy, "his son John was conducted to the tribune of Conciliation Hall as hereditary leader of the Irish people, as solemnly as Richard Cromwell, two centuries earlier, was proclaimed Lord Protector in Westminster Hall. But a leader is one who can and will lead, and neither of these pretenders could lead anywhere. During the troubles of '48 he fled to France, and when they were over, returned in the uniform of a captain of militia to re-open Conciliation Hall in the interests of the Whigs, from whom he was expecting an office, which he finally obtained ("The League of North and South," p. 43). He retired from the representation of Clonmel in 1857, on being appointed to the Clerkship of the Hanaper Office in Ireland. He was only forty-seven when he died (in 1858).

Morgan O'Connell

WAS the second son of O'Connell. In 1819 the Irish Legion for the service of the patriotic cause in South America against the Spaniards was formed under General D'Evereux,

who had been deputed to raise volunteers. "O'Connell himself showed his earnestness and sincerity by risking his second son in it—Morgan O'Connell—then a young boy, who accepted a commission in one of the hussar regiments of the Legion, and went out under the care, and attached to the personal staff of General D'Evereux, in the following year, 1820." ("O'Connell's Speeches," vol. ii., p. 62). But in America disappointment and disaster awaited the Irish adventurers, already half-starved on the voyage. Some, indeed, won renown under the banner of Bolivar, and contributed nobly to the final success of the revolution. Two years later we find Morgan joining the Austrian army as a cadet in a light dragoon regiment. The camp evidently had no attractions for him. He returned to Ireland, and became M.P. for County Meath; and finally we see him in the hum-drum life of a Registrar of Deeds in Dublin. He died in January, 1885.

Sir John Gray

HAD for fellow-students in Trinity College Davis and Dillon. Gray embraced the medical profession, but did not pursue it. He held a position of influence and authority in the counsels of O'Connell, backed by the *Freeman's Journal*, of which he was proprietor, and in which he had merged the *Morning Register*. He was one of the State prisoners of '43. After O'Connell's death, and as M.P. for Kilkenny City, which he represented from 1865 till his death in 1875, Gray took a leading part in the agitation which led up to the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. In civic affairs he was equally industrious, and it was pre-eminently through his exertions the Vartry water supply was introduced to the

city and suburbs of Dublin. This great work covers an area of 410 acres ; can hold 2,400,000,000 gallons of water, equal to seven months' supply, and cost £550,000. In 1865 the water was turned into the new cut. An acknowledgment of this great boon to Dublin is made on the monument by Sir Thomas Farrell, which the citizens raised, in O'Connell Street, to commemorate Gray. A bust, by the same eminent artist, has been placed over his grave by his widow. Sir John was brother-in-law of Torrens M'Cullagh, an advocate of tenant-right ; and father of Edmund Dwyer Gray, in after years a prominent parliamentarian, and colleague of Parnell's.

Richard Barrett,

EDITOR of the *Pilot*, O'Connell's official organ, to whom the Liberator addressed his public letters, was, says Duffy, "the least reputable of O'Connell's personal staff, and the one whose connection was most damaging to him." A Tory first, he veered over, and took service under the Catholic Association. O'Connell directly addressed him : "My dear Barrett," and it was this preference which alone sustained the journal in a poor and precarious existence.

In private he was a genial companion and general good fellow, but whatever convictions he had at any time held were long extinct, and his word carried no authority with friend or enemy. He assailed Holmes, and Holmes sent him a challenge, which Barrett refused ("Young Ireland," pp. 67 and 68). He was a fellow-prisoner with O'Connell in 1843. Webb, in his "Compendium of Irish Biography," assigns Barrett's death to the year 1855.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

DUFFY was born in Monaghan in 1816, and received his education in the town of the same name. Coming to Dublin, he got employment as sub-editor on the *Morning Register*, which was founded in 1824, by Michael Staunton, to give more thorough support to the principles of the Irish Catholic Association, started in 1823. Duffy then removed to Belfast, becoming, in succession, editor and proprietor of the *Belfast Vindicator*. Here he married a grand-daughter of The MacDermott, of Coolavin—(The Prince of Coolavin)—by whom he had one son, now the Hon. Gavan Duffy, who has held various ministerial posts in the Australian Commonwealth. The founding of the *Dublin Nation* on the 15th October, 1842, was not only the event of his lifetime, but it began a new era in the history of Ireland. He associated with himself in the work Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, and at a later stage, John O'Hagan and John Edward Pigot. The Repeal Movement was then assuming dimensions undreamt of at its start in 1840. The new paper, guided by journalistic experience, thought out in every detail, and reinforced week by week by new recruits—oftentimes from most unexpected quarters—gave the Repeal Movement such a national and literary colouring as to eclipse the brightest and palmiest days of the Irish Catholic Association. The *Nation* and the Repeal Movement ran together. It accompanied the organisation into every quarter of Ireland, was read by the firesides of the people, and set them aflame with its own fiery enthusiasm. The forgotten history of Ireland was remembered again, and illuminated in its columns, by articles and ballads glowing with incidents reminiscent of a day when Ireland had a name and a

nationality, a law and a life of her own. In 1843 the paper had a circulation numbering 250,000 readers (appendix ix., "Young Ireland").

On the proclamation of the Clontarf meeting, in October, 1843, the State Trials followed, in which Duffy was one of the traversers, and being found guilty, shared O'Connell's imprisonment. He was liberated with his fellow-prisoners on the 6th September, 1844, on reversal of judgment on appeal to the House of Peers. Then came the secession of the Young Ireland Party, when in July, 1846, O'Brien, Mitchel, Meagher, and Duffy, with their followers, quitted Conciliation Hall, and later on set up the Irish Confederation; the fearful famine, the death of O'Connell, and the attempt at insurrection in Tipperary. While Smith O'Brien was battling at Ballingarry, Duffy was committed to Richmond Prison on a charge of treason-felony, based on articles in the *Nation*. The Government made unscrupulous efforts to convict him. Duffy received support from unexpected quarters, and from men hostile to his political views, but who disapproved of the methods employed to ruin him.

D'Arcy M'Gee and Duffy were bosom friends, and although thousands of miles separated them, old comradeship was maintained till the violent death, by assassination, of M'Gee. It was at this period M'Gee penned the lines "To Duffy in Prison":—

Through the long hours of the garish day I toil with brain
and hand,
In the silent watches of the night I walk the spirit-land;
Our souls, in their far journeyings, want neither lamp nor
guide,
They need no passports, wait no winds upon the ocean
wide.

And, dreadful power of human will ! they grub out of the
 earth
 The crumbled bones of mighty men, and given them second
 birth ;
 They travel with them on the paths which through the
 world they took,
 And converse with them in the tongues which, when alive,
 they spoke.

One night I stood with Sarsfield where his heart's blood
 was outpour'd,
 On Landen's plain, in Limerick's name, he show'd it with
 his sword ;
 Ere morn, upon the Pincian Hill, I heard Tir-Owen's
 tale
 Of the combats, and the virtues, and the sorrows of the
 Gael ;
 Since then I've walk'd with Grattan's shade amid the
 gothic gloom
 Of Westminster's monkless abbey, forecasting England's
 doom,
 And in green Glasnevin I have been beside the tombs
 where rest—
 There, Curran, here, O'Connell, on our motherland's warm
 breast.

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I saw once more the dome-like brow, the large and lustrous
 eyes—
 I mark'd upon the sphinx-like face the clouds of thoughts
 arise ;
 I heard again that clear, quick voice that, as a trumpet,
 thrill'd
 The souls of men, and wielded them even as the speaker
 will'd ;
 I felt the cordial-clasping hand that never feigned regard,
 Nor ever dealt a muffled blow, nor nicely weigh'd reward.
 My friend ! my friend ! oh ! would to God that you were
 here with me,
 A-watching in the starry West for Ireland's liberty !

He was released in April, 1849, after three abortive trials. Thereafter he decided to conduct his paper on other lines. The policy of force had failed, and he considered that an honest and independent party in the English Parliament, a reform of the Irish land laws, and the development of native trades and industries would fix a programme best suited to the altered conditions in Ireland. A conference, unique in its composition, in that it brought together representatives from Ulster and the other provinces, met in Dublin on the 6th August, 1850, to consider these proposals, and the League of the North and South was the result of its deliberations. Gradually the farmers of the North joined it. They, too, saw in it some defence against landlord aggression. An unexpected bolt from the blue was hurled into the camp of North and South, and sectarian prejudices aroused to sever the scarcely newly-formed alliance. Lord John Russell—the Prime Minister of the day—took exception to the re-assumption by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Great Britain and Ireland of territorial designations, by which their Sees had been known in pre-Reformation days. The growth of the Catholic religion in England, due primarily to the exiles driven out of Ireland, rendered re-organisation of the Sees necessary. It was purely an administrative act on the part of the Pope, and was not, in any sense, aggressive. But Lord Russell had an axe to grind, and he desired to whet it. A Bill to make penal the assumption of these titles, called "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," was passed into law on August 1st, 1851. An agitation for its repeal was soon begun in Dublin, and a Catholic Defence Association inaugurated. People became divided on the merits of the two organisations. Some gave in their adhesion to the new organisation from religious motives, whilst retaining membership of the Tenant

League. Others looked askance, believing the Association would be utilized to undermine the influence of the League. Priests were divided against priests, some throwing their allegiance into one side, others into the other. The Northern farmers, impelled by religious fears, began to withdraw from the League, and its strength was left to depend on its original founders. The Defence Association included in its ranks and in its leaders a number of men of no political standing or integrity. Like the old Catholic Association, Boards and Committees of O'Connell's time, these men kept carefully in view their own social or political advancement. The League viewed with suspicion these new, untried, and obscure guides. The Tory Government being defeated in December, 1852, the Whigs, under Aberdeen, took office, and Keogh, Sadleir, and O'Flaherty—leading lights of the Association—took office under them. It was a great betrayal. Keogh and his colleagues had vowed, again and again, never to take office unless a satisfactory Land Bill was made a Cabinet question. The League made strenuous efforts to oppose the re-election to Parliament of the renegades, but their opposition was fruitless—they were beaten at the polls. "Dishonest candidates," says Gavan Duffy, in "Four years of Irish History," "were preferred by the people, and the worst of them—John Sadleir and William Keogh—were able to present themselves before their supporters like Richard III., leaning on two bishops." Duffy, after a hopeless struggle, saw there was no use in contending against such adverse circumstances, and resolved to quit Ireland. In his address to his New Ross constituents—he was elected in 1852—he surveyed the position, and explained his reasons for withdrawing altogether from Irish politics. He bequeathed the *Nation*, and the principles it stood for, to the regard

of the people, and he left A. M. Sullivan and Michael Clery as its guides and monitors, and Cashel Hoey as its editor. On the 6th November, 1855, he sailed for Melbourne, Australia, on board the "Ocean Chief." And who could blame him? He had seen his cherished hopes wither and blighten, and men elevated to power and position on perjured promises. Deep regret accompanied his departure. In Australia he soon made a reputation, and in 1857, was appointed Minister of Agriculture.

In another poem, addressed "To a Friend in Australia," M'Gee renews his devotion to Duffy and to Ireland:—

Old friend ! though distant far,
 Your image nightly shines upon my soul ;
 I yearn toward it as toward a star
 That points through darkness to the ancient pole.

•
 Oh ! for one week amid the emerald fields,
 Where the Avoca sings the song of Moore ;
 Oh ! for the odour the brown heather yields,
 To glad the pilgrim's heart on Glenmalur !

Yet is there still what meeting could not give,
 A joy most studied of all joys to last ;
 For, ever in fair memory there must live
 The bright, unclouded picture of the past.

Duffy became Prime Minister of Victoria in 1871. He was knighted in 1873. He re-visited Ireland in 1875 to take part in the O'Connell Centenary celebrations, and was an interested spectator of the scene in which he and Butt, at the Mansion House banquet, were made to appear as rivals in response to the toast of "Ireland a Nation." He was tendered the representation of the County of Meath in 1875, but he declined to enter Parliament except as a

Repealer, and the choice of the constituency soon afterwards fell on Charles Stewart Parnell.

On retiring, in 1880, from official life in Australia, he returned to Europe, and paid many, sometimes lengthened, visits to the scenes of his early labours before settling down finally at Nice. It was evident that if the climate of Ireland suited a constitution, altered somewhat by long residence abroad, his desire would have been to pass the declining years of his life in Ireland. He threw himself with freshness and vigour into the movement to develop a "New Irish Library," contributed to it himself, and encouraged others to follow his example. Though his books are few, they are gems of Irish literature—"The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," "Young Ireland," "Four Years of Irish History," "A Bird's Eye View of the History of Ireland," "The Life of Thomas Davis," "The League of North and South," and "My Life in Two Hemispheres."

At length, on the 9th February, 1903, at Nice, the inexorable summons came. A committee met at the Mansion House immediately the sad tidings reached Dublin, and sought, and secured permission from his family to bring over the remains to Ireland, where they were accorded a public funeral, and laid in the circle surrounding O'Connell's tomb.

"Cuir páirí níl le anam Ċaċal Šabanaig Uí Ōubċaig.
Ruġaċ i Mumeaċán an Iġaċ. Lá ō'Aibġean, 1816.
Ō'eug i Nice 'ġa bġġaġnc an 9aċ. Lá ō'ġeabġia, 1903."

Most. Rev. Dr. Duggan.

No more patriotic prelate handled the crozier than Dr. Duggan. He was foremost in his advocacy of the National cause, and the rights of the tenant-farmers. At the Galway

election of 1873 he threw the whole weight of his personality on the side of Captain Philip Nolan, the chosen candidate of the people, and the representative of the Home Rule cause, then submitted to the judgment of the electors. Nolan was elected by a huge majority, but unseated on petition, on the grounds mainly of undue clerical influence, and the seat handed over to Trench, the nominee of the landlords. Judge Keogh tried the petition, and mulcted Nolan in heavy damages. Dr. Duggan was specially singled out for attack by the Catholic judge, who advised a prosecution. Dr. Duggan was defended by Isaac Butt, and triumphantly acquitted. Both Nolan's and Dr. Duggan's costs were borne by the public, who took up and made the captain's and the bishop's cause their own. Of the part he took in the Land League agitation let Davitt speak: "Our most valuable recruit, after Mr. Dillon, was the late Dr. Duggan, the Bishop of Clonfert. He entered wholeheartedly into the spirit and aim of the agitation (1879), and from his position and record afforded us an encouragement all the more valuable and welcome on account of the open or badly-concealed hostility of the bishops and priests elsewhere. Nor did this warm and loyal support ever flag afterwards; always, however, given privately and silently. In every crisis, whether caused by coercion, or resulting from interference by Rome, his counsel and assistance were eagerly sought for, and were always, and in either case, at the service of the League.—"Fall of Feudalism." Dr. Duggan died on Lady Day in August, 1896.

Thomas Lord O'Hagan

Was the first Catholic Lord Chancellor since the Revolution. He died in 1885. He delivered the orations on the centenaries of the births of O'Connell (1875), and Thomas

Moore (1879). "Among a profession which has never wanted auspicious intellect, he was often named as legitimate heir to the eloquence of Curran. From the outset of his career a signal success at the bar was predicted for him, and he has justified these predictions by attaining to the office and the rank of Plunket without exciting jealousy by unwarrantable progress, or reproach by any recantation of his political convictions" ("Young Ireland," vol. i., p. 113). A friendship, which only death severed, existed between O'Hagan and Duffy. On one of his flying visits to Europe from Australia, Duffy, in Paris, July, 1866, dedicated anew to O'Hagan another edition of the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland": "As one-and-twenty years' additional experience of the world has not made me acquainted with anyone more worthy to be loved and honoured, I dedicate anew to the Right Hon. Judge O'Hagan the thirty-ninth edition of this little volume."

Monsignor Yore

Was educated at Carlow College, and when ordained, was appointed to the chaplaincy of Kilmainham Prison. Here it was often his sad duty to minister to prisoners under sentence of death—often for what would be now regarded as trivial offences. It was Dr. Yore who consecrated the ground at Glasnevin when it was opened in February, 1832. On his appointment as P.P. to St. Paul's, Arran Quay, he erected within it the first peal of bells that sounded from a Catholic steeple since the Reformation. He also induced the Government to appoint Catholic Chaplains to the Catholic soldiers, and Fitzpatrick adds, "the men were marched to their place of worship on Sundays just as Protestant soldiers were marched to theirs." The Com-

mittee entrusted with the burial arrangements of O'Connell selected Dr. Yore to marshal the procession, and it was carried out with an order and decorum befitting the solemn occasion. To this good priest the Dublin citizens are indebted for the uprise of many charitable institutions which still fulfil the noble functions devised for them. His memory is connected with friendly actions towards the patriotic, but eccentric, priest and erstwhile parson, Father Taaffe, who took an active part in the Insurrection of 1798, notably at Ballyellis, county Wexford, and who wrote a History of Ireland, the last volume of which the government seized and suppressed. Dr. Yore often visited him, paid for his lodgings, and otherwise looked after his wants. Dr. Yore died in 1864. His tomb is beside that erected to Tom Steele.

Dr. Cahill.

VERY Rev. Daniel William Cahill, D.D., a pulpit orator, and lecturer upon chemistry and astronomy, was born at Arles, in Leix, on November 28th, 1796. He studied in Maynooth, where he was ordained, and for a time was a professor in Carlow College. Dr. Doyle (J.K.L.), who had himself been a professor in this college, discovered in Father Cahill talent of no ordinary character, took a great liking to the young and handsome priest, and showed him frequent marks of special favour. "He is," says Webb, "well remembered as a lecturer, and as the author of many pamphlets, and edited a newspaper in Dublin." ("Compendium Irish Biography," p. 67). He possessed many of the gifts of a popular tribune, and, at the Tenant League meetings of 1850, described the sufferings, struggles and rights of the people in language of passionate conviction. Dr. Cahill removed to the United States, where he died,

at Boston, on the 27th October, 1864. In accordance with his wishes, his remains were brought back to Ireland, and re-interred in Glasnevin, on March 9th, 1885—twenty-one years after his demise. There is a fine life-length statue of this great priest, by Cahill, erected over his grave, and on the panels beneath inscriptions in Irish and English. That in the latter language reads:—" Bearing in mind the labours he undertook for Faith and Fatherland, his countrymen brought home his remains, and placed them in his native soil, fulfilling the wish he expressed when dying."

Lieut.-Gen. Andrew Browne, C.B.,

WAS Knight of the Legion of Honour and of the Medjidiee, and formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 44th Regiment, with which he served in the Crimea. He was severely wounded in the trenches before Sebastopol, where he lost his right arm, and was present at the assault and capture of the Taku Fort, in China, where he succeeded to the command of the regiment. Movilla Castle, Co. Galway, was his Irish residence. He died 8th April, 1883, aged 62 years.

John Cosgreave.

FROM a genealogical point of view the burial place of John Cosgreave is unique. Most tombstones in the great cemetery—many those of persons who have spent their lives in doing good deeds for some good cause, only mention when life began and ended—a wearisome reiteration to the reader. The monotony of this brief and bare record is in many cases unjust to the dead, and unworthy of the living. We are never over-generous to the dead, although their sacrifices have made our lives secure. Even Cosgreave's

pedigree might have been improved upon if it gave Cosgreave's title to be chief of his sept. Here it is, line for line, as it appears on his monument :—

Sacred to the memory of
JOHN COSGREAVE
 (In Irish O'COSGRAĆ),
 Native of Cork,
 Chief of his Sept,
 Who died Oct. 27th, 1878, in his 80th year.

GENEALOGY.

John, the son of James, the son of John,
 the son of Richard, the son of Maurice,
 the son of John, the son of
SAIGHDEUR AILGEAN
 (the elegant soldier of Noble Descent),
 Whose name it is believed was also
 John, but generally known as
SAIGHDEUR AILGEAN,
 Also his beloved wife,
MARYANNE,
 Who died in Cork, Feb. 16th, 1881,
 Aged 70 years, and was buried there.

Thomas Arkins

WAS a follower of O'Connell, and his grave lies outside the Circle in which the Liberator's remains lie. Arkins was a Poor Law Guardian for forty years ; but the distinction he himself claimed was that of being Sword Bearer to O'Connell, the first Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin. He was one of the last survivors of his leader's faithful body-guard, and died in 1880, aged 80 years.

Alderman John Reynolds

REPRESENTED the City of Dublin at Westminster from 1847-'52. He served the office of Lord Mayor of the city in the year 1850, when his name appears *ex-officio* first on the list of those who summoned the Tenant Conference to meet at the Royal Exchange, on Tuesday, the 6th August of that year. Neither he nor Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., took any part in the conference, or in its subsequent developments. Reynolds allied himself with Keogh and Sadleir, and it subsequently was proved that "he accepted money extracted from officers for whom he had procured compensation in Parliament" ("The League of North and South," p. 289). He was one of the demagogues elected at this time "whom you might as profitably send to Westminster pledged to resist temptation, as cast flax into the furnace, with an exhortation not to burn" (*Id.* p. 27). He was relegated to private life at the General Election of 1852. He died at the age of 73, in the year 1868, and has a monument erected to his memory "by his fellow-citizens, in recognition of long public services, discharged with marked ability and energy."

William Dargan

WAS the eminent contractor who built the first railway in Ireland, viz.:—that from Westland Row to Kingstown, which was opened on December 17th, 1834. He financed, among other like schemes, the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland, and planned the Exhibition of Irish Manufactures and other industries in Dublin, in 1853, giving £26,000 to the working committee of the Royal Dublin Society for the purpose of encouraging the undertaking. It was opened in the presence of 15,000 persons

on the 15th May, and closed on October 31st. Queen Victoria was brought over to witness the loyalty and satisfaction of the people. It was the period at which "the population were flowing out of Ireland like water from a vessel which is staved. The workhouses were crammed with inmates, stricken with the diseases that spring from want and neglect. The landlords were still levelling homesteads, and rooting out the native race." The *Times* was exulting at the prospect of "the Celts being as obsolete in Ireland as the Phœnicians in Cornwall." National feeling was afraid to show itself. "The Exhibition building," writes Duffy, "was ornamented by all the flags of Europe except one—there was no Irish flag." Dargan declined the honour of knighthood. He lived till 1866, and died in reduced circumstances. A statue to his memory is placed in the Leinster Lawn, Merrion Square.

Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien.

A CENOTAPH near O'Connell's tomb is erected to the memory of "the noble-hearted three," who perished on the scaffold at Salford, Manchester, on Saturday, 23rd November, 1867. On that sad morning Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien paid with their lives the penalty of their devotion to Ireland, and "went with souls undaunted to their doom." On September 18th of that year, an attack had been made by the Fenians on a van in which the police were conveying to prison two Fenian leaders—Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy. Both the prisoners were rescued, but in the *mêlée* a police sergeant, Brett, lost his life. His death was purely accidental. Numbers of Irishmen were arrested on suspicion, among them Allen, Larkin, O'Brien, Condon, and Maguire. The five were

tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. All disclaimed firing the fatal shot. Maguire protested his innocence, and pleaded that he had given faithful service in the British army. The Press reporters, at the trial, represented to the authorities their belief in Maguire's innocence, and their doubts as to the credibility of the evidence against him. This saved Maguire's life, and afterwards secured his release. O'Meagher Condon (Shore) boldly proclaimed his nationality and his opinions, and closed his speech in the dock with the prayer—"God save Ireland." He declared he was an American citizen, and that the court had no jurisdiction in his case. This declaration interposed between him and the scaffold, and he was eventually released. As soon as he had concluded his speech, his comrades re-echoed the prayer, and "God save Ireland" rang out from the lips of the condemned men. On the threshold of death they had uttered an aspiration which would impress the minds of Irishmen throughout the world. T. D. Sullivan saw in it a text, and immortalised the martyrs in a ballad, "God Save Ireland," that makes the holy words the refrain:—

"Never till the latest day, shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land ;
But on the cause must go, amidst joy, or weal, or woe,
'Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand."

God save Ireland, said the heroes,
God save Ireland, said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high, or the battlefield
we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall !"

When the news of the execution reached Ireland intense surprise, grief, and indignation were aroused. Solemn

funeral processions in memory of the dead patriots were organised. Sadly preceded by three coffinless hearses, the mourners—(in Dublin alone 60,000 walked)—journeyed to Glasnevin, or the nearest cemetery, to symbolise the honours they would have paid to the dead, had English law not relegated their bodies to unhallowed ground. Prosecutions were instituted against those who took a prominent part in the processions, but they only stimulated a sad national interest in the history of the three heroic men. Allen was born near Tipperary town, O'Brien at Ballymacoda, Co. Cork, and took part and rose to the rank of lieutenant in the American Civil War, and Michael Larkin's native place was Lusmagh, in the King's County. Even in England a revulsion of feeling took place, and John Bright, in the House of Commons, voiced the opinions of many Englishmen by reproving the methods of the trial, and the carrying of the capital sentence into execution.

Another victim of English law, whose name is mentioned on a panel of the cenotaph, is Michael Barrett, who was hanged at Newgate, London, May 26th, 1868, for participation in the Clerkenwell explosion, and buried in the jail yard.

John Keogh,

"DIED 10th September, 1854, in his 75th year. John Keogh, second son of John Keogh, of Mount Jerome." This was a son of the Catholic leader, who almost won Catholic Emancipation while O'Connell was still a lad at college. Mount Jerome, now the burial place of the Protestant community, was once the pleasure grounds of the suburban villa where Keogh took counsel with Wolfe Tone, the young Protestant patriot, how to unite the

jarring creeds in a common struggle for Ireland. It was not till the year 1810 that the leadership, finally passing from his hands, Keogh withdrew from public life, and left O'Connell without any rival the recognised leader of the Catholics. The Liberator did not deny that his predecessor rendered good service to the cause, and that he was undoubtedly useful in his day. "But he was," says O'Connell, "one who would rather that the cause of the Catholics should fail than that anybody but himself should have the honour of carrying it."

Rev. James Fay's

MEMORY is perpetuated by a statue in marble, in which he is represented as the guardian of orphans, two of whom cling with confidence to his protecting arms. The statue was the expression of the people's regret for a pure and faithful servant of the altar, a devoted and ardent lover of his country. Died January 30th, 1861, aged 41 years. The statue, by Cahill, is beautifully executed.

James Stephens,

A NATIVE of Kilkenny, was born about 1828. When a young man he was present at the Rising in Ballingarry, and was slightly wounded. Escaping to France, he led for a time a somewhat Bohemian life in Paris, where he met John O'Mahony, also a refugee rebel. He soon acquired a good knowledge of French and Italian, which he turned to advantage. Davitt, in his "Fall of Fudualism," states that "One day on entering his library in Druid Lodge, Ballybrack, John Blake Dillon found himself face to face with Stephens, who was engaged by Mrs. Dillon to give lessons in French to her children. Dillon and Stephens had met

last at Killenaule, on the day of the Rising in 1848. It is related that a friendly dispute at once arose as to which of the two possessed the only rifle that had gone off on that memorable occasion, Stephens insisting that he had been armed with that unique weapon." Stephens kept up a correspondence with the members of the advanced party in the United States, who had formed the Emmet Monument Association—the herald of the Fenian movement. Proposals from this society were submitted to Stephens, "who had impressed all who knew him with a strong confidence in his capacity. He was asked to take the lead in a movement for Irish Independence through armed rebellion, and he accepted the onerous position on terms which he himself dictated." This body was founded in Dublin, on March 17th, 1858, and Stephens decided to place his chief reliance on the masses of the people, and to ignore the upper and middle classes. He travelled through most parts of Ireland in 1858 and 1859, winning over the young men to the national idea of independence, "His success being very marked," adds Davitt, "he visited the United States, and placed the Fenian Brotherhood there in proper auxiliary relation with the home organisation," and enlisted thousands of men for his purpose from the Federal and Confederate camps. He then returned to Ireland. He founded the *Irish People* in 1863, thereby making his first great mistake, for it was seized in 1865, and a lot of compromising documents fell into the hands of the Government. On November 10th, 1865, Stephens was apprehended at Fairfield, Sandymount, and committed for trial. "His fine presence," says Davitt, "handsome bearing, and the air of superb command which sat naturally upon a man of unlimited arrogance and of autocratic disposition, greatly impressed the court before which he and his companions

were brought for examination. With the air of an actual president of the Irish Republic, he scornfully refused to recognise in any way the jurisdiction of any English Court in Ireland, and declared he would take no part in such proceedings." On November 24th, 1865, consternation was excited in government circles by the escape of Stephens from Richmond Bridewell. One thousand pounds was offered for his recapture, and three hundred pounds for the arrest of any accomplice in his escape. No gold could tempt the accomplices in his rescue. Stephens remained concealed in Dublin for months, and finally made his way from Lusk, Co. Dublin, to Cumberland, whence he and his companions, as first-class passengers, entrained to London. There they put up at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, one of the most aristocratic in that city. On March 11th he wired from Calais to his wife, "All is well!" Having remained for some time in France arranging the affairs of the organisation, he, in 1866, visited America to consult with the chiefs of his party as to future operations. He was then at the summit of his power and influence. T. D. Sullivan, in his "Recollections," observes: "But he stood on a slippery eminence; he might have known that with the tremendous responsibilities he had on hand disaffection might arise, and revolt break out amongst his followers at almost any moment. He was on bad terms with the American Head-Centre, Colonel John O'Mahony, and there were rival sections in the party. In January, 1867, a representative meeting of Fenian Centres and delegates in New York adjudged him guilty of various offences against the organisation, denounced him in violent terms, and deposed him from his high position. A similar fate had befallen Colonel O'Mahony about a year before. Both were patriotic Irishmen, but when the organisation which

they had founded grew to immense proportions neither of them were competent to handle it effectively. To recruit and organise an army is one thing; to command it is another."

Stephens came back to Paris, and from that city issued instructions to those of the organisation who still followed his lead. In Ireland it was decided that the time had arrived to deal a blow at the Government, but, owing to misconception or lack of information, the Rising was not simultaneous, and the insurgents were dispersed or arrested. After that ill-starred event Stephens was still subjected to police espionage in Paris, and on the representations of the English executive, he was expelled from France. Years after, when matters resumed their normal condition, he was permitted to return to Ireland. His countrymen presented him with a residence at Sutton, where, with Mrs. Stephens, he spent some years. On her demise he settled down at Blackrock, Co. Dublin, where he passed the declining years of his life. Davitt describes his manner and person, and sums up his career:—"He was a remarkable man. He planned and organised the most formidable revolutionary movement since the days of Wolfe Tone. He was a man of handsome address and of medium height, with a compact, well-knit frame, and of gentlemanly manner. In later years he developed, in facial features and pose of the head, a strong Garibaldian expression—denoting great strength of purpose, and a masterful personality." Stephens is interred beside his colleague, John O'Leary, and adjacent to the cenotaph of the Manchester Martyrs. The cross raised over his grave contains the inscription:—" '48-'67. Sacred to the memory of James Stephens, Founder, Organiser, and Chief of the Fenian Brotherhood. His remains are here interred, with those of his wife, Jane.

R.I.P." On another panel :—"A day, an hour of virtuous liberty is worth a whole eternity in bondage."

Mrs. Stephens, who predeceased her husband, is interred in the same grave. Her maiden name was Miss Hopper. John O'Leary, who acted as best man, thinks the marriage took place some time immediately before or after the starting of the *Irish People*, the first number of which appeared on the 28th November, 1863. Father O'Hanlon—afterwards Canon O'Hanlon, P.P., Sandymount—performed the ceremony at the SS. Michael and John's Presbytery, "some time, I think," says O'Leary, "about six or seven in the evening."

John O'Leary

Was born in Tipperary, July 23rd, 1830, and lived to the fine old age of seventy-seven. On St. Patrick's Day, 1907, the gallant old Fenian leader passed to his reward. He studied medicine, but took no degree, all his energies being thrown into the Young Ireland Movement when he was eighteen years of age. When the Fenian movement started he took a leading part in its organisation, and with Luby and Kickham, who predeceased him, he launched the *Irish People* to advance its principles. The boldness of its advocacy of the Fenian cause soon attracted the attention of the Government, and on the 15th September, 1865—nearly two years after its foundation—the paper was seized and suppressed. O'Leary was arrested the same evening at his lodgings, brought to trial in December, convicted, and, like Luby, sentenced to twenty years penal servitude. Released in 1870, he was banned from Ireland, and for fifteen years he lived the exile's life in Paris. He returned to Dublin on the expiration of his sentence, where he took an interest in the Irish Industrial and Literary movements,

and was for a time president of the Young Ireland Society. A love of books characterised him during this period, and he was a foremost figure at all the old book shops, for which the city is noted. Personally, and especially at his own fireside, he was one of the most delightful of men. The death of his sister, Ellen, shortly after his settling in Dublin, was a sad blow to him. She held, even more intensely than he did, the same political views. He alludes to her with tender affection in his best known book, "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism." His funeral to Glasnevin, on March 19th, 1907—inclement though the day was—united men of divergent views, who admired the old chief for his staunch adherence to the ideals of his early days. Some of his other publications are "Young Ireland," "The Old and the New," "What Irishmen should know," and "How Irishmen should feel." He is interred alongside the cenotaph raised to the memories of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, and the cross over his grave bears the following inscription in Irish :—

"Maí cuimne ar Sheádan O'Laoghaire, ceannróit na bFéinníóe a cuireadh annro ríor an 19ú. Lá Márta, 1907, i n-aoir a 78 bliadhna, agus na míle Éireannaic, 'gá caoine agus mionna agus móirde gá stairiúit aca a cuir oibre do cupi cum cinn."

Anne Devlin,

THE faithful servant of Robert Emmet, was a niece of Michael Dwyer, the guerilla chief of the Wicklow mountains. Anne belonged to a family deeply implicated in the '98 movement, and the members of it were also adherents of Emmet's revolutionary work. When his plans failed

in Thomas Street, in 1803, the leaders took refuge for a time in Butterfield Lane, where Emmet resided, and whither the yeomen repaired to procure tidings of his hiding place. Having vainly questioned Anne on the matter, they had recourse to torture. They tilted up the shafts of a cart in the yard, and flung the noose of a rope over the back-band. Whilst these gruesome preparations were being made, Anne looked calmly on, but stoutly refused to divulge any secrets. Her neck was then placed in the noose, the rope was pulled, and she was suspended and half hanged by the brutal soldiery. But her life was spared. She was then brought before the notorious Major Sirr, who sought to extract by bribes what torture had failed to extort. Anne was unyielding. She was thrown into solitary imprisonment in Kilmainham, and it was to this prison Emmet was also brought when arrested at Harold's Cross. On her way to the Castle for further examination, she was forced to gaze on the sad scene of her young master's death. After years of confinement in Kilmainham, subjected to every bitter humiliation and petty tyranny, she was released, broken down in health. For forty years she lived as a washerwoman a life of drudgery, but she preserved through all her sufferings the same feelings of reverence and attachment to her master's memory as those which animated her more youthful years. "She possessed," says her epitaph, "many rare and noble qualities. She lived in obscurity and poverty, and so died on the 18th day of September, 1851, aged 70 years."

Frederick William Conway.

"BENEATH are interred the remains of Frederick William Conway, who died on the 24th of May, 1853." Conway was an active supporter of the Catholic claims and the

Catholic Association. After Magee's prosecution and conviction Conway took over the editorship of the *Dublin Evening Post*—"an excellent paper," to quote O'Connell, and it was for a great number of years the accredited organ of the Catholic body. Conway often took the chair at the meetings of the Association, and, in June, 1824, was appointed one of its new officers, when O'Connell took occasion to compliment him upon his services and devotion to the cause. John O'Connell, in the second volume of his father's speeches, remarks of him:—"There was nothing to be made by Protestants in becoming their advocate; while money and preferment was to be had by opposing them" (p. 338). When he resigned the secretaryship later on O'Connell again paid him a marked compliment, and moved him the thanks of the Catholic Association for his eminent services, which was unanimously voted. An incident of historical import, in which Conway's name figures, occurred at the offices of the *Evening Post* towards the close of June, 1828. A Tory friend of O'Connell's said to Vincent Fitzpatrick—"O'Connell ought to offer himself as a candidate for Clare." Fitzpatrick was staggered at the remark, but in a moment he exclaimed "You are right!" Fitzpatrick flew to O'Connell, who heard the proposal coldly at first, but finally adopting the suggestion with warmth, proceeded to the office of the *Post* without delay. A coolness had arisen between O'Connell and Conway. O'Connell, advancing with his "smile of witchery," and proffered hand, said to Conway—"Let us be friends." The coolness vanished in a moment. O'Connell, in the public office, dashed off his address to the electors of Clare. "Modify it, if you please," said he; but Conway saw nothing in it that required change. It was printed at once, and O'Connell sped on his way to Clare.

O'Connell and Conway parted company when the Liberator took up the Repeal question, and Conway passed over to the Whigs when they came into power in 1830, and "openly occupied," writes Duffy, "the position he had long secretly held of a stipendiary writer for the Castle. He had assailed O'Connell with the foulest ribaldry during the first Repeal agitation. 'Paid Patriot,' 'Big Beggarman,' and a host of similar amenities were of his invention; and it was well understood that his journal existed on the secret service money with which it was fed when his patrons were in power. When O'Connell dallied after his captivity with the Federal alternative to Repeal, Conway, seeing a chance of disrupting the National movement, became enthusiastic for O'Connell's new proposal." Conway also tried, but unsuccessfully, to draw Dr. Doyle to his side, as it was the *Post* "J. K. L." had selected to be the medium through which he made known his views to the public on all public matters.

Eugene O'Curry.

"Ἰρ βεαννουῖτε na maibh noch do gheibh báir ir in Tígeaíuna" is an appropriate inscription on one of the panels of the Celtic cross that marks the resting place of this distinguished Irish scholar. Under Dr. (Cardinal) Newman's rectorship of the Catholic University, Dublin, O'Curry was appointed to the Professorship of Irish Literature and Archæology, in which position his lectures on the "MS. Materials of Irish History," and "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," won him unstinted praise. These lectures were afterwards published in book form, and secured a wider fame for the lecturer. The late Cardinal Moran wrote a beautiful *brochure* of his life and work.

O'Curry was born at Carrigaholt, Co. Clare, on the 11th November, 1794, and died in Dublin, on the 30th July, 1862. He was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy on January 30th, 1853. He was brother-in-law to another eminent Irish scholar, John O'Donovan, LL.D., who pre-deceased him by seven months. The "Proceedings" of the Royal Irish Academy thus record his eminent services to Irish scholarship:—"In Mr. Eugene O'Curry's death this Academy and the cause of Irish learning have lost a scholar who possessed a familiar and accurate acquaintance with the whole body of accessible Gaelic manuscript literature. Mr. O'Curry, in conjunction with the late Dr. O'Donovan, transcribed and translated a great number of Irish texts for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Societies. He compiled for this Academy a descriptive catalogue of a portion of the Irish manuscripts in its possession, and also prepared a catalogue of Irish manuscripts in the Library of the British Museum. He published, in 1861, a volume entitled 'Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History'; and it is understood that he had nearly completed a second volume on 'The Manners, Customs, and Social Life of the People of Ancient Erin.' These courses of lectures he has delivered as Professor of the Irish Language and Irish Archæology in the Catholic University, in this city. For several years before his death he had been employed, along with Dr. O'Donovan, in deciphering, transcribing, and translating the MSS. of the Brehon Laws, under the superintendence of the Commission for the Publication of the Ancient Laws and Institutes of Ireland."

His fame became world-wide. The lamented D'Arcy M'Gee asked "Who were his mourners?"

Who are his mourners? by the hearth
 His presence kindled, sad they sit,—
 They dwell throughout the living earth,
 In homes his presence never lit ;
 Where e'er a Gaelic brother dwells,
 There Heaven has heard for him a prayer—
 Where e'er an Irish maiden tells
 Her votive beads, his soul has share.

Where, far or near, or west or east,
 Glistens the soggarth's sacred stole.
 There from the true, unprompted priest
 Shall rise a *requiem* for his soul ;
 Such orisons like clouds shall rise
 From every realm beneath the sun,
 For where are now the shores or skies
 The Irish soggarth has not won?

A mural tablet in the entrance to the University Church, Stephen's Green, Dublin, also commemorates his name.

John Blake Dillon.

FACING O'Curry's grave is another, but higher, Celtic cross, dedicated to the memory of John Blake Dillon, M.P. for Co. Tipperary, whose life was one of single-minded and unflinching devotion to the cause of Ireland. Dillon was one of the trio who founded the *Nation*. He joined O'Connell, and subsequently Smith O'Brien. "At Killenaule, over the border of Tipperary, a barricade was put up. Dillon commanded here, and had under him one James Stephens. Stephens wanted to fire upon the first soldier who approached the barricade, but Dillon had orders from O'Brien not to shed blood, if possible" (Davitt's "Fall of Feudalism," p. 64). Like every prominent Irish patriot of that day, he was "wanted" by the Government, but he escaped to

France, and thence to America, where he practised at the Bar. A correspondent, writing to the *Evening Telegraph*, Saturday, July 27th, 1912, thus details his escape :—

“The interesting article concerning the late John Blake Dillon, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, in last Saturday’s *Evening Telegraph*, recalls an interesting incident which took place during his escape. The village of Kilbecanty lies on the road from Gort to Portumna, about two miles from the former place. Here, on a Sunday, in the stirring year of 1848, the people were assembled awaiting the celebration of Mass, amongst them being a small body of constabulary from the neighbouring barrack of Killafin. Presently an outside car, with one passenger and the driver, is seen approaching from Portumna direction. As it reached the Chapel gate the car stopped; the passenger, who was in clerical costume, recognised, amongst those awaiting Mass, a legal gentleman named Burke. There was a warm shaking of hands, and they both proceeded to read a printed notice on the pier of the Chapel gate, offering a large reward for the arrest of John Blake Dillon. Their conversation, however, whatever it was, was cut short by the intimation that the celebration of Mass had commenced. There was another warm shaking of hands, and the car drove away in the Gort direction. The passenger was John Blake Dillon, disguised as a priest. That night he slept in the house of Father Arthur, near the sea coast, whence he was conveyed to the Aran Islands, and subsequently got beyond the reach of British law. It was several days before it became known who the passenger was, but for many years the incident was narrated at many a fireside in the parish of Kilbecanty. The Burke referred to was an uncle of mine, and from him I

heard the story. When a law student in Dublin he and Dillon were friends."

Dillon was born on the 5th May, 1814, and died the 15th September, 1866. "With his honoured name is united that of his dear wife, Adelaide Dillon, who, in love of country, and deep religious faith, was one heart and one soul with him."

Martin Haverty

Is well and kindly remembered by the grown-up Irishmen of these days as the historian whose "School and College History of Ireland" first led them to a knowledge of their country's past. Indeed there was no other accessible, if we except O'Neill Daunt's valuable little "Catechism of the History of Ireland," which was widely read in the better class of schools of the Seventies. Haverty had a chequered career. He was brought up for the Church, but gave it up for a journalistic life, and was connected—first with the *Freeman*, and next with the London *Morning Chronicle*. He travelled on the continent, storing his mind with general information, and, returning to Ireland, started to write his history. The labours of O'Donovan and O'Curry, and other Irish scholars, had opened up new sources of information, and shed a flood of light upon the history and antiquities of the country. Haverty tells us he utilized the invaluable information accumulated by O'Donovan in his annotations to the "Annals of the Four Masters." One might expect, from his literary turn of mind, to find him associated with the Young Ireland *renaissance*, but he kept clear of it. "I may tell you" (he writes to Fitzpatrick, "Sham Squire," p. 276), "that I never belonged to any political party in Ireland. I always felt a inate

repugnance for the manner, principles, etc., of the Young Irelanders, and was convinced that I loved my country at least as sincerely, tenderly, and ardently as any of them. I never had much faith in mere politicians, though my sympathies were O'Connellite." This is suspiciously like the writing of a "crank." For some years prior to his death he held the position of assistant librarian to the King's Inns, Dublin. He died on the 18th January, 1887.

His brother, Joseph Haverty, was the well-known painter. O'Neill Daunt, in his "Personal Recollections," tells us "that one morning I was present when H——, the portrait painter, called to take O'Connell's likeness for a picture which was destined to commemorate some Reform meeting. Portrait painters generally keep their sitters in conversation for the purpose of bringing out the expression of the face. I was amused with H's exuberant flippancy. Mr. O'Connell was narrating an instance of his own forensic and political success at some provincial assizes, and the patchwork effect produced in his narrative by his auditor's incessant exclamations was ludicrous enough."

Charles Stewart Parnell,

"No man has a right to fix the boundary of a Nation. No man has a right to say to his country:—'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.' We have never attempted to fix the *ne-plus ultra* to the progress of Ireland's Nationhood, and *we never shall*."—Extract from one of Parnell's last speeches inscribed on his monument in O'Connell Street, Upper, Dublin.

THE son of John Henry Parnell, was born in Avondale, in Wicklow, in June, 1846. The family name, though origin-

ally English, had long been historically connected with Ireland. At the Restoration, under Charles II., one of his ancestors, taking advantage of the "Act of Settlement," bought an estate at Rathleague, Queen's County, which is still owned by a descendant—Lord Congleton. The grandfather of the Irish Leader inherited the Avondale estate. This ancestor—a persistent opponent of the Act of Union—was the last Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer. Parnell's father, in early life, visited Washington, and was there introduced to Delia Stewart, daughter of Captain Stewart of the American navy, whom he soon afterwards married in New York. Charles Stewart was the second of three sons of this marriage. He was educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He first essayed entrance into public life in 1874, when, at twenty-eight, he stood against Colonel Taylor for the representation of county Dublin. He was left in a hopeless minority. John Martin, of '48 fame, dying the next year, Royal Meath became vacant, and Parnell was nominated, and returned by a good majority over two other aspirants to the honour. In April, 1875, he entered the House of Commons. For the first year he was never heard in any discussion. Mr. Joseph Biggar was then in Parliament as member for Cavan, and to him is ascribed the origin of the misnamed "Obstruction Policy," which resolved itself into speaking and voting upon all matters affecting British legislation, whether they concerned Ireland or not. In October, 1876, Parnell went to America with O'Connor Power, then M.P. for Mayo, to present an address of congratulation to President Grant on the centenary of American Independence. Parnell returned alone, and in 1877 his real life work began. He was much in evidence on the Marine Mutiny Bill, the South African Bill, and, with a few other Irish members, pursued a vigorous

parliamentary policy, which attracted and stirred public opinion in Ireland, but brought him into some opposition with the genial Isaac Butt, the chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party of the period.

A great meeting in the Round Room of the Rotunda, in August, 1877, accorded him and Biggar public thanks, and invested the forward policy with its first public sign of recognition and approval. The Irish in England followed this lead by electing Parnell president of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain in place of Butt, who took his defeat with good-humoured complaisance.

Distress, with its necessary accompaniment, discontent, gloomed over Ireland at the beginning of 1879, and as the year wore on, the tenantry found themselves unable to pay their rents. Meanwhile the gifted Isaac Butt passed from the scene, and Mr. Shaw, one of the county Cork members, became chairman of the Irish Party. The distress in the west produced a land agitation, and, at the close of 1879, a new organisation, supplanting the Home Rule League, was formed, with Parnell as its president, bearing the name of the Irish National Land League, having as its outlook legislative independence and agrarian reform. The end of the year saw Parnell a second time in America advocating the support of the cause which the new organisation represented. He founded the American Land League. A general election at home hurried him back—it was 1880—and Parnell was nominated and returned for three constituencies, viz.:—the counties of Mayo and Meath, and the city of Cork. He elected to sit for Cork. This wave of popularity bore him to the chairmanship of the Irish Party, but by the small majority of five. The Liberal Party now ruled Great Britain. At first reluctant to do anything to meet the agrarian situation

in Ireland, they were, in the early months of office, compelled to bring in the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. It was carried in the Commons and thrown out in the Lords. Parnell transferred the brunt of the fight to Ireland. The Land League spread its branches all over the country. It became equally successful in America, whence subscriptions poured lavishly over the Atlantic to help the Irish exchequer. Ireland seethed with discontent. The English Liberal Government, egged on by the dominant and official classes in Ireland, who clamoured for coercive measures, were hopelessly puzzled with the situation. Their hands were tied towards reform by the House of Lords. They at length decided to prosecute the Leader and his principal colleagues, and to introduce coercion. In the former course they failed to get a verdict. The Irish Party fought the Coercion Bill in every detail, and dramatic incidents marked its passage into law. Its application filled the jails in Ireland with suspects, arrested solely on suspicion, and refused the benefit of trial by jury. To compensate for these drastic measures, the Government brought in a Land Bill, which became law, but Parnell thought it advisable not to accept it unreservedly without testing its adequacy to deal with the situation. He got suspended, came over to Ireland, bought over the interest in some Dublin newspapers, and restarted them under different names as the organs of his policy.

In September, 1881, a great Land League Convention met in Dublin to consider how Ireland stood. The Convention endorsed Parnell's policy towards the new Act, advised the tenants not to rush into the newly-constituted Land Courts, but to await the result of test cases placed before these courts, and thus ascertain on what basis and on what evidence the new or judicial rents would be fixed.

Gladstone retaliated by attacking Parnell, and the latter replied at Wexford in a speech full of fire. Four days afterwards, 13th October, 1881, Parnell was a prisoner in Kilmainham, whence soon afterwards the No Rent Manifesto was issued as an answering note of defiance. The country was in a state of revolution, and the lawlessly-disposed saw and embraced the opportunity. Crimes increased as evictions proceeded. The government found themselves in an *impasse*, and Parnell's temporary release on *parole* to attend the funeral of a relative was availed of to open up negotiations for compromise. As a result Parnell walked out of Kilmainham a free man, after an incarceration of seven months. The country was overjoyed at this news, and, as if to accentuate the victory, the Lord Lieutenant (Cowper), and the Chief Secretary (Forster), resigned. The future was full of peace and promise, when the awful event of the Phoenix Park tragedy occurred to darken the prospect. On the 6th May, 1882, the newly-arrived Chief Secretary (Lord Frederick Cavendish), and the Under-Secretary (Thomas Burke), were assassinated in the Park. A complete change came over the intentions of the Government. A Crimes Bill was passed—draconic in severity—but, as a counterpoise, an Arrears Bill was placed on the Statute Book to alleviate the smaller tenants' hardships. Parnell was fiercely attacked in the House by ex-Secretary Forster, and Parnell replied by repudiating the jurisdiction of the Commons to put him in the pillory. The Irish people showed their appreciation of this attitude by presenting him, at the close of the year, with the handsome testimonial of forty thousand pounds. In May, 1885, the Gladstone Cabinet went out, and the Tories returned to power. They introduced and passed the Ashbourne Act to facilitate the tenants purchasing their own

lands. Depending, as they were, on the Irish vote, the Tories went to the country at the end of 1885, and again Parliament met, with the new year, leaving Parnell, with eighty-six followers, master of the situation. The Tories sat on the Treasury Benches still, but their retention of them did not endure a month, and, beaten again by the dominant Irish Party, another appeal was made to the country. This time the flowing tide brought the Liberals to land. Then, for the first time since the Act of Union, an official English Party brought in a Home Rule Bill. This was in 1886, but, unfortunately, in June of the same year, Gladstone was beaten on a division by thirty votes, through the defection of a number of Liberals. Another dissolution, and another election followed. The Tories, augmented this time by a new party—the Dissentient, or Liberal Unionists—had a majority of 118. This brings us to August, 1886. Parnell tested their strength immediately by introducing a Land Bill. He was beaten by ninety-five votes. The Tories, now aware of their strength, and relying on their new allies, were bent on coercive measures towards Ireland—"there were to be twenty years of resolute government." To back them, the *Times*, in March, 1887, published a series of articles, bearing the title of "Parnellism and Crime," ascribing to the Irish Leader and party a sympathy, if not approval, with the outrages that had taken place in Ireland, and even printed a letter which purported to bear his signature minimising the Park murders. A Special Commission of three English Judges was appointed to inquire into all the charges. The Commission reported, in February, 1890, exculpating Parnell and the Irish Party from all complicity in the graver charges, including the "facsimile letter," alleged to be signed by Parnell, but which proved to be a clumsy forgery by a

renegade Irishman—Richard Pigott. The last-named fled the country, took refuge in Madrid, and on about being arrested for perjury, at the Commission, shot himself. The *Times* was utterly vanquished, and Parnell amply vindicated. At this time, unfortunately, a private trouble confronted the Irish Leader. Captain O'Shea took proceedings against his wife for divorce, and named Parnell as correspondent. No defence was entered to the action. The Irish Party met as usual at the beginning of the Parliamentary Session, and re-elected Parnell to the chair. But Gladstone intervened, and the Irish Party, meeting again, forty-four of their number seceded, leaving the Leader with twenty-six followers. This was the fatal 6th December, 1890. The Parnell Leadership Committee was formed in Dublin to sustain the Chief's position—the anti-Parnellites took issue on his claim. The last year of his life was spent in a superhuman effort to recover lost ground. Three elections took place, *i.e.*, in Kilkenny, Sligo, and Carlow—all county elections—but his candidates were left in a minority. He overtaxed his energies and undermined his health in these campaigns. His last speech was at Creggs, Co. Roscommon, on the 27th September, 1891. Returning to Dublin, he concerned himself some days with details of a projected daily paper to voice his policy. He left Ireland, and died at Brighton, on the 6th October, 1891. His remains were brought over to the city, he so lately left and lay-in-state at the base of the O'Connell statue in the City Hall for some hours. On Sunday, 11th October, a funeral procession, rivalling that of O'Connell's in its magnitude and in its grief, bore the body to Glasnevin, where it was consigned to earth in a specially-assigned plot not far from the tomb of the Liberator.

Many criticisms have been written on his career and

character—all showing that Parnell was an extraordinary man, as Gladstone himself described him. Davitt held views divergent from Parnell on many questions, particularly that of the land, for some years previous to Parnell's death, and he had influenced the opposition through his journal—the *Labour World*—to the re-election of the Leader to the chair of the Irish Parliamentary Party; yet no traces of ill-judgment or pique mar his estimate of Parnell's place in history:—"Parnell had read and digested well the history of Ireland from the Norman invasion to the '48 period, and had lived, in both the Tenant League and Fenian times, an observer of events which marked the progress of the seven-century struggle for land and liberty. His reputed ignorance of the history of this contest was only one of the many legends which newspaper gossip has woven round a name and personality of fascinating contemporary interest. He has left the impress of his personality and power in the work he has done, and in the undoubted recognition that exists of the part he has played in the drama of Ireland's struggle against one of the greatest of the world's empires." Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in his "Life of the Irish Leader," says:—"Among his followers were many with equally stubborn will and inflexible resolution; yet all were as clay in the potter's hands, when he choose to exercise the power. His subjugation of his race from a restless, fissiparous, torn faction into a great, united, and absolutely obedient whole, was one of the most remarkable achievements in political leadership in the history of mankind."

Mrs. Delia Parnell,

MR. PARNELL'S mother, died at Avondale on the 27th of March, 1898, in her 83rd year. She was in thorough accord

with all the national principles which her distinguished son represented, and frequently appeared on American platforms in support of them. America, where she was born, was her favourite place of abode for a great number of years. Her husband, John Henry Parnell, the father of Charles Stewart Parnell, who died in 1859, met her at Washington in 1834, and an engagement was soon followed by marriage. She was then Miss Delia Stewart, daughter of Captain Stewart, a hero of the American navy, who was popularly known as "Old Ironsides," a name derived from one of the vessels he commanded in the Anglo-American wars. She is interred beside her son in the circle which the Cemeteries' Committee patriotically placed, free of cost, at the disposal of the family.

Mr. Barry O'Brien describes an interview he had with Mrs. Delia Parnell in the autumn of 1896: "She had just arrived from America, and was recovering from a severe illness. She looked pale and delicate, but was bright, and even incisive in conversation, taking a keen interest in political affairs. Her face suggested no likeness to her remarkable son, but she had the calm, determined, self-possessed manner which always distinguished him. She knew her own mind too. Her views might have been right or wrong, sensible, or the reverse, but she had no doubts. She held her ground firmly in argument, and could not easily be moved from her opinions. She was certainly a woman of convictions, independent, fearless, resolute; indifferent to established conventions, and animated by one fixed idea, a rooted hatred of England; or rather, as she herself put it, of 'English dominion.' 'How came it,' I said, 'that your son, Charles, had such an antipathy to the English?' 'Why should he not?' she answered with American deliberation. 'Have not his

ancestors been always opposed to England? My grandfather, Tudor, fought against the English in the War of Independence. My father fought against the English in the war of 1812, and I suppose the Parnells had no great love for them. Sir John Parnell fought against the Union, and gave up office for Ireland, and Sir Henry was always on the Irish side against England, and so was my son's grandfather, William. It was very natural for Charles to dislike the English; but it is not the English whom we dislike, or whom he disliked. We have no objection to the English people; we object to the English dominion. We should not have it in America. Why should they have it in Ireland? Why are the English so jealous of any outside interference in their affairs, and why are they always trying to dip their fingers in everybody's pie? The English are hated in America for their grasping policy; they are hated everywhere for their arrogance, greed, cant, and hypocrisy. No country must have national rights or national aspirations but England. That is the English creed. Well! other people don't see it; and the English are astonished. They want us all to think they are so goody-goody. They are simply thieves."

Dr. Joseph E. Kenny, M.P.,

FOR the College Green division of Dublin and coroner for the City, took an active part in Irish public life, and was for many years a confidential friend of Parnell's, particularly at the close of the Irish Leader's life. It was to Dr. Kenny's house in Rutland-square Parnell repaired on his return from his visit to Creggs, in Roscommon, where the last speech of his eventful life was made. Many of Parnell's political letters were also addressed to Dr. Kenny,

as will be seen from an examination of Barry O'Brien's "Life of Parnell." The doctor represented a division of Cork County before being elected for the College Green division. It is said it was he who conveyed from Kilmainham prison the No Rent Manifesto after it had received the signatures of the imprisoned leaders of the Land League, and that it was due to this action on the doctor's part he, too, soon found himself, in 1882, an inmate with the rest of his associates. His premature death—for he was only 55 years of age—took place on the 9th April, 1900, and was mourned by everyone, for, politics apart, he was a genial, gentle and kindly-hearted man.

Cardinal MacCabe.

NAPOLÉON'S saying, that the private soldier in his armies carried the marshal's baton in his knapsack, may be paralleled with greater truth in the opportunities offered, and the dignities attained to by those whose vocation has led them into the Catholic priesthood. Merit—not money—learning and a zeal for the Faith, chastened by Christian charity, are alone the qualifications that appeal to the sacerdotal mind when a selection to high office has to be made from their ranks. Cardinal MacCabe came from the democratic classes, and reached, step by step, the highest honour the Church could give. He was nominated Coadjutor to Cardinal Cullen and took the title of Bishop of Gadara. He succeeded the Cardinal in October, 1878, and died in February, 1885. Like his predecessor, he was a great Churchman, but an indifferent Irishman. A hierarch of great attainments, an authority on Canon Law, his character was austere, and his discipline of the clergy rigid for the times. He was unsuited to the startling changes

and scenes of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties of the last century. His censure of the Ladies' Land League drew a protest from A. M. Sullivan in the *Freeman's Journal*, which defended and justified the organisation from the national and lay Catholic standpoint. "It was not the priests who kindled the people; it was the people who kindled the priests," wrote the historian of the Catholic Association (Wyse). It required some sparks from Sullivan's burning eloquence to fire the phlegmatic Cardinal—or to keep him silent. "It is a satisfaction to feel," said Dr. Croke, the patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, "that his Grace's political likings or dislikings, though possibly of some consequence elsewhere, carry with them very little weight or significance, except with a select few in Ireland." (Extract from letter to A. M. Sullivan, March 16th, 1880). Dr. MacCabe's monument in Glasnevin, alongside that of Dr. Duggan, and facing the mortuary chapel, is a work of exquisite skill. A canopy of stone rises over the full-length reclining figure of the Cardinal lying-in-state, clad in his princely robes, his right hand still retaining the crozier, the symbol of his pastoral charge. The minutest detail is worked out with a perfection that invites admiration. It is the work of the late Sir Thomas Farrell.

A. M. Sullivan

CAME to Dublin from Bantry in 1853, and found employment in Dargan's Irish Exhibition, and his articles entitled "Nationality in the Exhibition," which he contributed to the *Nation*, prove that his mind was schooled in the early teachings of that journal. He was then twenty-four, having been born on the 15th May, 1829. In "The League of North and South," p. 302, Gavan Duffy makes

mention of a pathetic but tragic scene, in which Sullivan's name, for the first time, occurs. Maurice Leyne went to Tipperary to establish a local journal in the interests of Tenant-right, and to combat the ascendancy of Sadleirism in the county. "Leyne," says Duffy, "had a gift of eloquence almost as electric as Meagher's, and a gift of humour to which Meagher made no approach. He died in the arms of a man whom I had induced him to take with him in this enterprise—a young artist, from Bantry, who became known to me through some graphic contributions to the *Nation*, and who in the end made himself known to Ireland and Irishmen throughout the world as an orator of singularly persuasive power, a writer of rare *verve* and skill, and a patriot of unwavering devotion." On Gavan Duffy retiring from the *Nation* Messrs. Sullivan and Clery became its proprietors, but A. M. Sullivan was soon left in sole possession. It was a gloomy time in Irish national life. Dullness and apathy, like black-ink clouds, hung over the Irish political world. The trusted leaders of the people had sold themselves to the government, and independent action was paralysed. Duffy, broken-hearted, had left Ireland. Disaffection was driven under the surface, with the result that men plotted in secret against unjust laws, and bound themselves by secret oaths to oppose their operation, and free Ireland. The Phoenix conspiracy in south-west Cork, under these conditions, was established. Like all secret-bound societies, it had traitors within its ranks. The doings of its members, their midnight drillings, etc., were soon bruited abroad. Men, tried in Irish life, questioned the wisdom of its policy and its doubtful chance of success, where Smith O'Brien had failed but ten years previously. They also knew that the government were bound to have first-hand information, and were only biding

their time to swoop down on the conspirators. Sullivan exercised his undoubted right as a journalist to speak out his mind on matters that were notoriously known in the south. The government *coup* came at last; they made arrests wholesale; convictions followed on the evidence of approvers, and many patriotic young Irishmen were thrown into prison. If, in years afterwards, A. M. Sullivan found it necessary to protest against odious and unwarranted attacks made against him, or to appeal for vindication of the course he had taken—the men who absolved him from foolish charges of felon-setting, were men whose private character and public position as patriotic Irishmen could not be questioned by the accusers themselves. These were Isaac Butt and George Henry Moore, and their considered judgment declared “that no shadow of imputation rested upon Mr. Sullivan’s honour as a gentleman, or his fidelity to the political principles he professed.” This declaration had already been anticipated, and has since been affirmed, by every unbiassed and generous mind. It was not in Ireland alone Sullivan looked out for materials to inspire and elevate his race. When a descendant of the “Wild Geese” won his spurs at the battle of Magenta, the *Nation* raised the funds that made Marshal MacMahon the recipient of a sword of honour as a token of the Irish people’s pride in the triumph of their kinsman. When aggression made war on the Papal States, and Irishmen volunteered to help Pius IX., and to defend the patrimony of the Church, the *Nation* aided their efforts, applauded their valour, and saw that provision was made for the wounded soldiers of the campaign. At this period his enterprise brought into the field of fight at home two coadjutors to the *Nation*—the *Morning News* and the *Weekly News* (1859 and 1860)—a triumvirate of papers

that moulded Irish opinion and "built it for battle once more." An attempt was made in 1864 by the "loyalist" party to obtain a site in College Green for a statue to Prince Albert, husband to Queen Victoria, who died in 1861. The Corporation acquiesced; but Sullivan, then T.C. for the Royal Exchange Ward, at meetings, and by voice and pen, caused the permission to be rescinded, and the site earmarked for a monument to Grattan. The physical force party pretended to see in this action some fell design to subvert their power or detract from their influence, but although they succeeded temporarily in causing obstruction, they were powerless to defeat the end that Sullivan had in view. One of the thrilling incidents of the Fenian Movement of '67 was the seizure of the van in Manchester, and the release of Kelly and Deasy. The death of Brett, the constable who guarded it, was accidental. Nevertheless three Irishmen paid the extreme penalty of the law for the loss of one life. Their heroic fortitude appealed to the Irish mind. The *Weekly News* denounced the government, and expressed the grief and sympathy of the people for the martyred heroes. A great funeral procession, of which Sullivan was an organiser, took place in Dublin. The executive took action against him on two grounds—(1) seditious libel; (2) and participation as a leader in the procession. The government were beaten on the second count of the indictment—the jury refused to agree; on the first count they succeeded, and he was sentenced to six month's imprisonment. John Mitchel hastened to congratulate him from his American home. The people subscribed £400 to present him with a testimonial on his release. He applied it as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to Grattan; the work was entrusted to Foley, and on the 6th January, 1876, it was

unveiled. "A good work had been done for Ireland by the public spirit, the energy, the patience, and the courage of A. M. Sullivan." Meanwhile a new spirit was being aroused in the land. The depression resulting from the failure of the Fenian Rising was passing away. The time had come to seize the constitutional weapon again. The result of the Longford election of 1869 was disappointing; John Martin was rejected at the polls. Next year marked a new era—the Home Rule Association was founded, and the following year the electors of Royal Meath placed honest John Martin in the proud position of its representative. A vacancy in Kerry in 1872 gave the Home Rulers another opportunity, and the election was regarded in England and Ireland as a crucial one for the Association. Blennerhassett carried the national colours, and Dease represented the Whig and landlord element—then all-powerful in "the Kingdom." To the intense joy of the people, Blennerhasset carried his colours to victory.

At all three elections Sullivan had not spared himself in the interest of the national candidates; it was his turn now to become a candidate himself. He was selected and invited to stand for the representation of Co. Louth, in 1874. His opponent was Chichester Fortescue, a Liberal, a good and local landlord, and a well-meaning, but weak man. The National electors not only placed Sullivan at the top of the poll, but they also placed his colleague, Callan, second—routing the two Whigs, Fortescue and Dease. It was an opportune victory—the precursor of many yet to come. The time had now arrived when Sullivan had to bid *adieu* to the companionship of the *Nation*, but it was under circumstances far different to those that prevailed when Duffy said "Farewell"—the prospect was now bright and cheering. Sullivan had been called to the Bar—

he was now elected to Parliament. Other spheres of usefulness and action called him away. In the Parliamentary arena he soon achieved distinction, and the six years he represented Louth reflected honour on that constituency. At the general election in 1880 he had as his colleague in the contest for the county George Harley Kirk, a staunch nationalist farmer, and Sullivan declared if Kirk were beaten he would retire. The result proved unfavourable to Kirk, and Sullivan resigned. The adjoining county Meath had then a vacancy, created by Mr. Parnell electing to sit for the city of Cork, and its constituents expressed a desire to return Sullivan unopposed. His success in the House of Commons ran concurrently with his success at the Bar. The State Trials in Dublin in 1880 gave him a higher and a nobler theme for his eloquence than is usually associated with cases in the Law Courts. He pleaded Ireland's cause, when he was retained as counsel for Patrick Egan, one of the traversers. His speech was one that is yet remembered. At the close of a comment upon it in the *Freeman*, the writer said "Celtic oratory has had no such triumph in our day, and will not soon again." Stormy scenes followed in Parliament; the Irish Party fought the Coercion Bill, clause by clause, and all-night sittings were trying the constitutions of the most robust. It was trying work, not lightened by duties that must necessarily be discharged in the day time. Sullivan's health, never too strong, was giving way under the strain of parliamentary and professional pressure. He resolved to quit St. Stephen's. This he did at the close of 1881, and bade good-by to his supporters in Royal Meath. But Ireland was too near his heart to sever himself irrevocably from her fortunes, and in September, 1882, at Mr. Parnell's request, he went to America on behalf of the Land League, where his mission

was eminently successful and his reception enthusiastic. His health did not allow him to fulfil all the engagements that were mapped out for him, and he returned home. The Roman Circular had been issued denunciatory of the national movement and the national tribute to Parnell. Sullivan grappled with the situation, dealt with it in the *Nation* in masterly articles, and taught a sharp and wholesome lesson to its originators. It was his last public service to Ireland. The end was drawing nigh—

“Good men and true will come and go,
God gives and takes away.”

He retired to his native county to seek rest and quietude. But it was not to be. His life's work was accomplished. His race was run. He journeyed to Dublin, but after a time the worst set in, and he died at Dartry, the residence of Mr. William M. Murphy, on the 17th October, 1884. His memory and his services will ever be kept fresh and green in the minds of his grateful countrymen. The contributions he made to Irish literature will always find a place in Irish homes—“New Ireland” and “The Story of Ireland.” Another, which he and his brothers edited, “Speeches from the Dock,” is a text-book for Irishmen who claim national rights and resent foreign interference in their affairs; and who can point to its pages for reasons to justify, and cases to amply vindicate, the faith they hold.

Barry Sullivan.

THE memorial to the great Irish actor, Barry Sullivan, was unveiled in Glasnevin Cemetery, on Thursday, June 28th, 1894, by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. It takes the form of a statue of the deceased actor, executed in Sir Thomas Farrell's best style, and represents the tragedian as Hamlet

in the graveyard scene holding the skull of Yorrick and soliloquising :—"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio." Sullivan was born in Birmingham in 1824, and brought up in England. He made his first appearance in Cork in 1840, and after winning considerable fame in Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Dublin, made a successful *debut* at the Haymarket, London, in "Hamlet" in February, 1852. In 1857 he appeared in New York, at Burton's Theatre, and made a tour of the States. From 1860-1866 he devoted himself to dramatic affairs in Australia, where he was chief actor and manager of one of the principal theatres. Then he again went to New York, returned to Great Britain, in the principal cities of which, and in Ireland, he played before crowded and applauding audiences. He retired from the stage some years before his death, which took place in England in 1891. His epitaph is taken from Shakespeare's Hamlet, Act III., Scene II.—one of the plays in which the great actor displayed splendid dramatic power :—

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

T. D. Sullivan.

WHEN A. M. Sullivan, M.P., retired from the proprietorship of the *Nation*, in November, 1876, the paper became the property of his eldest brother, Mr. T. D. Sullivan. The incoming proprietor was already well-known in Ireland as the poet who had given to the people songs that will never die. "God Save Ireland," written in commemoration of the Manchester patriots, appeared in the *Nation* of December 7th, 1867. The song was sung the same evening in the homes of Dublin workingmen. It speedily took a place beside "O'Donnel Abú" as another of the national lyrics

of the Irish people. Other songs of T. D.'s acquired popularity and fame. The "Song of the Canadian Backwoods" was sung under historical and thrilling circumstances. These are described by a writer, signing himself "Romeo," in the New York *Irish People* of March 9th, 1867. "On the night," he writes, "of the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, the Federal army lay sleepless and watchful on their arms, with spirits damped by the loss of so many gallant comrades. To cheer his brother officers Captain Downing sang his favourite song. The chorus of the first stanza was taken up by his dashing regiment, next by the brigade, next by the division, then by the entire army for six miles along the river, and when the captain ceased, it was but to listen with indefinable feelings to the chant, that came like an echo from the Confederate lines on the opposite shore, of—

"Dear old Ireland!
Brave old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the autumn day,

We'll toast old Ireland!
Dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

"T. D.," the affectionate title his countrymen gave him, never missed an opportunity of committing to song any event that would redound to the credit of Ireland, or tend to the humiliation or confusion of her enemies. He was

on the *qui vive* to turn every incident to service. His "Land League Lays" did a great deal to spread the land agitation, when, as Davitt put it, "help was most needed in the up-hill fight against many foes." In 1877, 1878, and 1879, the *Nation* favoured the "Obstruction" policy, which was all the more valuable and welcome from its being the only paper of repute that gave that policy at that time an undeviating and successful advocacy. He entered Parliament in 1880 for Westmeath, a county which he had already toasted in verse :—

"Here's to Westmeath,
Where a tyrant scarce can breathe ;"

and he continued to represent its northern division until a contest in College Green called the veteran to the fight where the danger was greatest. This was in 1885. His services to the national cause in the Dublin Corporation, as Town Councillor, were requited by a call to the Lord Mayoralty of the city—a position he filled for two years (1886-1887)—and a period within which he figured in many stirring incidents. His occupancy of the office was marked by the departure of Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Morley from Ireland, owing to the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, and the resignation of the Cabinet. Both the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary were made the recipients of a popular demonstration that was intended not only as a personal tribute to themselves, but as a token of confidence in Mr. Gladstone for his courage in associating the Liberal party with the measure. August 3rd, 1886, witnessed this send off. The Tory Government were now in power, and coercion immediately followed Gladstone's attempt at conciliation. The Press were forbidden, under penalty, to publish reports of National League

gatherings. T. D. Sullivan determined to disobey this latest ukase from the Castle—to flout it and take the consequences. In the end the Castle won, and the Lord Mayor was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. The greater part of this imprisonment was passed in Tullamore jail. He whiled away the hours of his detention by writing his "Lays of Tullamore Prison" in as gay a spirit as ever dictated his most jubilant notes. The honour of the Freedom of the City was presented to him for his courageous vindication of the liberty of the Press. Towards the close of 1890 Mr. Sullivan was one of the deputation that went to the United States to collect funds for the national cause. The *Times* had been beaten to its knees; its forgeries exposed, and the honour of the Irish Party triumphantly upheld. Meantime the crisis arose as to Mr. Parnell's leadership, and it became necessary for the representatives of the people to declare themselves for it or against it. Mr. T. D. Sullivan believed "that the retirement of Mr. Parnell was essential to the safety of the Home Rule cause." The death of Parnell in October, 1891, was followed by a general election in the summer of 1892. Defeated in College Green, "T.D." was immediately elected to represent West Donegal, and, as its member, voted for the first Home Rule Bill that successfully passed through the Democratic Chamber. The Lords—true to their aversion for Ireland—rejected the measure; still it was an incident of some note that the Commons had at last admitted on this 1st September, 1893, the right of Ireland to some scheme of self-government. In the month of September, 1900, after a connection of forty-five years with the *Nation*, T. D's. journalistic work came to an end. The *Nation* was amalgamated with the *Irish Catholic*. A month later his connection with West Donegal and the

British Parliament ceased. He was still, however, in our midst, and for fourteen years we saw the blithe, elastic, active step treading the old path to the old office, around which the memories of the *Nation* still fondly lingered. He found time to write his "Recollections" in 1905. His closing lines are pathetic: "Ireland will retain her historic character as a distinct nation, and England will say 'so be it.' Pleasant it would be to many of us, who have hoped and striven for such a consummation, could we look upon the old land under the brighter conditions that the future will surely bring; but it is a joy to have seen the 'Dawning of the Day!'" On March 31st, 1914, at the age of eighty-seven, the end came, and he was quietly laid to rest a few days afterwards. His memory will survive in his poems, of which there have been numerous editions. In both ancient and modern Ireland he found materials for his writings. "The death of King Connor MacNessa," for descriptive power and dramatic effect, is excellent. MacNessa was co-temporary with Our Lord, and his death is said to have been accelerated by the sorrows he felt for the sufferings of the Saviour. He vindicated O'Rourke of Breffny's wife from the myths that a poet's licence had woven round her name. He narrated how the Milesian King, Loinnseach, reached the throne, though physically incapacitated from ruling by the deformity of his ears; how his infirmities were found out, and his rule terminated. Thomas Francis Meagher's sad end in the Missouri is commemorated, and the memories of Moore and O'Brien perpetuated in the odes he wrote for their centenaries. T. D.'s name will endure as long as the love of poetry and patriotism lives in Ireland.

Richard O'Gorman

JOINED the Repeal Movement in Conciliation Hall when O'Connell was incarcerated in Richmond Prison in 1844. He had been at feud with O'Connell since the time of the Catholic Association, but he thought the imprisonment was an occasion when past differences ought to be forgotten. A veteran and honest Irishman, he took the chair at a great meeting held in fields near the North Wall, on March 20th, 1848, at which 20,000 people attended, for the purpose of voting an address of congratulation to the citizens of France on establishment of the second French Republic. He died in the 88th year of his age, on the 7th November, 1867. His son, another Richard, took up arms with Smith O'Brien, and had to fly the country. "He and his associates," to quote the author of "Four Years of Irish History," "fell back upon Clare, sheltering in miserable hiding places, and constantly hunted by the police, till it became plain that all was over, when they determined to leave Ireland. It was a difficult enterprise, with every port watched by detectives and informers. The papers were filled for weeks with stories of O'Gorman's hair-breadth escapes and romantic adventures. On one occasion the police magistrate, on the watch for him, was said to have given him his arm on board a river steamer—the good-looking young rebel being disguised as a lady. At length they got on board a ship lying in the Shannon, which was bound for Odessa; and, like Kossuth, at a later day, found Christian shelter under the crescent of the Turk. O'Gorman reached the States, was admitted to practise at the American Bar, where he won a decided success." He became a judge of the Superior Court of New York, the fitting close of an honourable career, and died there on 4th March, 1895.

Richard O'Gorman, senior, was a brother of Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, one of the secretaries of the Catholic Association.

W. J. Battersby

WAS author of many valuable works on Irish history, and the Irish Religious Orders. He was a friend of O'Connell's. He died in February, 1873, but his grave is not marked by any memorial.

John Edward Pigot

"HAD notable diligence in gathering recruits among the socially better classes for the ranks of Young Ireland, and," continues Duffy, "in promoting literary and artistic projects. He loved Davis with a devotion which made labour easy to him" ("Young Ireland," vol. i., p. 133). After the death of Davis in 1845, Pigot left for London to commence his studies for the Bar, and Duffy deplores his temporary loss to the counsels of the Young Ireland Party, to which he had brought "a constant fire of enthusiasm." Fermoy was his birth place, and this he selected as his pen-name in the columns of the *Nation*. "It must be written," adds the historian of Young Ireland, "that the bright young enthusiast, whom we were accustomed to liken to Robert Emmet, and to describe as a better St. Just, failed us in this extremity. Not through pusillanimity, or to egotism, but because he was not able to resist the tears and despair of his family. His father was a just and considerate man, but he was blinded by the responsibilities of an official position to the true interest of his son. He judged ill when he overbore him on a subject where the deepest passion and emotions of his nature were engaged; the

decision forced on the young man cast a shadow over the remainder of his life. He was safe and prosperous by the precautions of his kindred, but I do not doubt that he often envied O'Gorman in exile, or Meagher in the convictship. Leaving Ireland in 1865, he practised his profession successfully in India for some years. On returning to Dublin, he contributed to the *Irishman*, then the property of Mr. P. J. Smyth, the rescuer of John Mitchel. He died on the 1st July, 1871, aged 49 years, of a disease contracted in India. Dr. P. W. Joyce, in "Old Irish Folk Music and Song" (Dublin, 1909), published a great number of Irish airs, which "Fermoy," with splendid industry, had collected among the peasantry in his leisure hours.

De Jean Frazer

WAS praised by A. M. Sullivan "as one of the sweetest poets of the '48 period." Gavan Duffy wrote that "his town lyrics, written in a feminine scrawl, gave little promise at first sight of the vigour and feeling they disclosed." His daughter was married to Thomas Clarke Luby, whose trial for Fenianism took place at Green Street, Dublin, on the 27th November, 1865, when he was sentenced to twenty years penal servitude. Another daughter, the youngest, married John Walsh of Baltracey, Co. Kildare, who also suffered for his political opinions in 1867, and died in Jersey city in March, 1882, at the age of forty. Evidently Frazer's mind was of that practical turn which makes one's own fireside the school in which the youth are inculcated in love of country. He was a native of the King's County, where he was born in 1809, and died in Dublin in March, 1852. A cabinet-maker by trade, "nature had made him a poet," and fortune a struggling artizan.

Pained by the failure of the '48 physical force movement, he gives us a glimpse of disappointed hope :—

“Yes! mourn I must to see the pall
Drop o'er my visions unfulfilled,
The last bright airy palace fall
I pledged my very soul to build.

But one deep comfort still remains—
I am the humblest of the band
Who burned—and burn—to scorch the
stains
Of slavery from our Fatherland!”

There is no stone to mark his grave. But when this debt is paid to his memory those lines might, perhaps, form a suitable epitaph.

James Duffy.

THE Young Ireland publisher, died in January, 1871, aged 62 years. Sir C. G. Duffy says of him “his liberality contributed largely to create a national literature in Ireland” (“Young Ireland,” vol. ii., p. 97). Again, at p. 159 of the same volume, Duffy says :—“The books projected by the Young Irelanders were nearly all published by Mr. James Duffy. He was originally a bookseller on a small scale in an obscure street, dealing chiefly in reprints of religious publications, but his enterprise and liberality carried him into a wider field, and ultimately created a trade extending to India, America, and Australia. ‘The Spirit of the Nation’ was issued in the first instance from the *Nation* office, but as the demand for it became embarrassing, I looked out for a publisher, and fixed upon Mr. James Duffy. This was the beginning of his connection with the Young Ireland Party.” “Pray for him, O Reader, for he deserved well of

religion and country. His devotional publications have instructed many unto salvation, and the historical works he published have exalted the character of his native land, and saved its saints and heroes from oblivion." Such is his epitaph written by the classic pen of his friend, Father Charles P. Meehan.

Sir Thomas Farrell

WAS a native of Dublin, and worthily succeeded Hogan as a master in the art of sculpture. The statues which adorn the public places of the city reflect lustre on his name, and ennoble the memory of the men in whose honour they were erected. No Irishman passing the marble monument of "O'Brien of Ara," at the top of D'Olier Street, can regard it without a sense of reverence for O'Brien's memory, and a feeling of gratitude to the man whose art and skill bestowed such a glory on our city. Other works redounding to Sir Thomas's credit are to be found scattered in our midst. The statue of Sir John Gray of the *Freeman*, which Archbishop McHale unveiled—one of the last public acts of the great John of Tuam—came from Farrell's hands. So also the statues of Archbishop Murray and Cardinal Cullen, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough Street; and the seated figure of Sir Alexander McDonald in the grounds of the Model School, opposite the Cathedral, and that of Lord Ardilaun in St. Stephen's Green public park. In Glasnevin itself there are many examples of his work, of which the principal are the recumbent figure of Cardinal MacCabe, the bust of Sir John Gray, and the heroic statue of Barry Sullivan, the tragedian. In the Hall of the Four Courts, Dublin, and in the City Hall, Dublin, there are also statues and busts from his studio; and awaiting erection in Glasnevin, at

present, is a splendid group of statuary in memory of the Fenian heroes, of whom Colonel John O'Mahony and Terence Bellew MacManus were representative. In this last work Sir Thomas took a very special and personal interest. He died in July, 1900, at the age of seventy years.

Martin Burke

WAS the twelfth juror called on the third trial of "The Queen *v.* Charles Gavan Duffy." The Commission opened in Dublin on the 15th February, 1849. Burke was the proprietor of the Shelbourne hotel. He was a Catholic; but his tastes, pursuits, and interests might be regarded as binding him fast to the class who patronised his hotel. Duffy did not challenge Burke, though Isaac Butt and Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Duffy's counsel, remonstrated with the traverser on allowing it to pass, and thus inviting an adverse verdict. Duffy held fast by his own opinion. "My confidence was not founded on any knowledge of Mr. Burke; I had never exchanged greetings with him, and scarcely knew his person. But my wife called my attention on the opening of the court to the fact that, in the gallery, directly opposite the juror's box, two ladies sat, who were Mr. Burke's wife and daughter; and I was confident that the Irish hearts of those women would exercise a silent mesmerism over the juror stronger than personal or party interest. Mr. Burke was sworn on the jury. During the greater part of the trial a majority of the jury were prepared for an acquittal; but in the end they were persuaded to agree to a conviction on a single count—with the exception of Mr. Burke, who would not sanction any verdict of guilty. They were locked up all night under the usual conditions, but as the life of one of the jurors was in danger, they were

discharged at 10 o'clock." Burke had baffled the Castle, and had shown an independence for which Thackeray, with a sneer, had already given him credit:—"The hotel (the Shelbourne) is magnificently conducted by clerks and other officers; the landlord himself does not appear after the honest, comfortable English fashion, but lives in a private mansion hard by, where his name may be read inscribed on a brass plate, like that of any other private gentleman." This self-sufficient Englishman—the Cockney cynic, "with broken beak and cadaverous aspect"—imagined that he would have found in Burke a servile imitator, "after the honest, comfortable English fashion!" So did the Castle gang; but they reckoned without their host. Despite his surroundings, Burke had not become West-British,

Time has nearly worn away the inscription on his monument in Glasnevin, but its ravages cannot entirely obliterate the memory of a man who, in those jury-packing days, personated the "privilege of being independent"—"Sacred to the memory of Martin Burke, Esq., of the Shelbourne Hotel, Stephen's Green, in the City of Dublin, and Springfield House, in the County Tipperary, who departed this life on the 16th day of January, 1863, aged 75 years. A good Christian, a fearless Patriot, an Independent Juryman, and a true-hearted Irishman. May he rest in peace."

Thomas Meagher, M.P.,

WAS a merchant of the City of Waterford, and became, in succession, its mayor and parliamentary representative. His father, a Tipperary farmer, had emigrated to Newfoundland towards the end of the eighteenth century. "Newfoundland," remarks Duffy, "is the only British colony where the Irish constitute a majority of the popula-

tion, and there Meagher met such a welcome as in that day an Irish Catholic would scarcely have found elsewhere under the British flag. He became in turn a trader, a merchant, and a ship-owner, and carried on a prosperous commerce between St. John's and Waterford city, where he finally placed his eldest son to represent his interest. This son married a daughter of one of the partners in a firm which derived its name from the father of Sir Thomas Wyse (Wyse, Cushin, and Quan)." Elected first in '47, he was returned again at the general election of 1852. Honest, silent, and unobtrusive, he was held in general respect. But it is as the father of the Young Ireland orator, Thomas Francis Meagher, that his name, his grave, and his monument chiefly attract the eye, and stir the emotions of the Irish mind. Young "Meagher of the Sword" was born on the 23rd August, 1823, and educated in Clongowes Wood College, Sallins, Ireland, and Stonyhurst, England. "He had not had the advantage of University training; his father shared with many Catholic fathers a profound distrust of the only university in Ireland—an institution which tempted Catholic students to apostacy by reserving its prizes for apostates" ("Four Years of Irish History.") Nature had made him a great orator, and training had made him an accomplished gentleman. He left Conciliation Hall with O'Brien and linked his fortunes with him. Waterford fell vacant, and young Meagher contested his native city, but was not successful. His father treated him with constant indulgence, but being an immovable O'Connellite, he did not favour his son's candidature, would not pay the cost of an election, or give him any support or encouragement. We next find Meagher joining O'Brien at Killenaule, at the rebel *rendezvous*, and when the insurrection failed, he, his chief, and Patrick

O'Donohue were sentenced to death at Clonmel, in October, 1848. They were transported for life to Van Diemen's Land; but within five years all had escaped from the island, and were once again free men. Thomas F. Meagher reached the United States, and studied for the Bar; but when the Civil War broke out he raised an Irish Brigade and led it gallantly through a stubborn and bloody campaign. When the war came to an end he was appointed Governor of the territory of Montana, but his new career was brought to a sudden and tragic close. During a trip down the Missouri, in July, 1867, he stumbled over a coil of rope on a dark night, fell into a swollen current, which no swimmer could resist, and the gifted soldier and patriot was lost before his absence was noticed. His body was never recovered. The mournful tragedy is commemorated in T. D. Sullivan's lines :—

Ah ! would to God his grave had been
On mountain side, in glen, or plain,
Beneath the turf kept soft and green
By wind and sunshine, dew and rain ;
That men and maids, in after years,
Might come where sleep the true and brave,
And plant, and wet with flooding tears,
The Irish shamrock on his grave.

That warriors, poets, patriots, there
Might often come to muse and pray,
Within the genius-haunted air,
Above that mound of honoured clay—
Above that pulseless heart, once warm
With many a high and grand desire,
That mouldering brain, in calm or storm,
Once radiant with celestial fire.

It may not be—it may not be!
 No sign shall rise those relics o'er—
 The river wild, the restless sea,
 Will hide and hold them evermore.
 We can but pray, in faith's fond light,
 God rest his soul, the true and brave,
 Whose mortal part went down that night,
 Beneath Missouri's turbid wave !

Thomas Meagher's grave is wedged in between the burial plots of the Jesuit Fathers and the Carmelites, and opposite Conway's tomb. The Celtic Cross raised over his remains has the panel facing the path uninscribed, as though it had been intended to place thereon some record that would inspire a prayer for the soul of his valiant son. The opposite panel is inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of Thomas Meagher, Esq., formerly M.P. for Waterford, who died at Bray, 28th February, 1874, aged 78 years." "The Law of truth was in his mouth—he walked with God in peace." *Matt.* ii. "Beloved of God and men, whose memory is in benediction." *Ecc.* xlv.

Rev. Charles Patrick Meehan, C.C.,

WAS among the most cultured in the Young Ireland Movement. A memorial in the Church of SS. Michael and John, where he officiated a lifetime, tells us he was Priest, Patriot, and Scholar, author of the "Flight of the Earls," "Franciscan Monasteries," and other highly-prized writings, who, during a long and laborious life, devoted the intervals of leisure left him, by his zealous labours in the ministry, to the composition of works illustrative of the history of his country and of her constancy to the Faith in the days of persecution. Born 12th July, 1812; died 14th March, 1890.

Like most of his contemporaries, Father Meehan wrote both poetry and prose. His "Battle of Benburb" is a graphic description of that memorable fight, and worthy to rank with Davis's brilliant ballad of Fontenoy. It was Father Meehan who attended the gifted Clarence Mangan in his last moments, wrote his life, and collected his writings. The inscription, in Latin, on his tomb merely records his birth and death. He sent to Gavan Duffy, for reproduction in "Young Ireland," his portrait, accompanied by this characteristic note:—"Born in Great Britain Street, Dublin, July 12th, 1812; schooled in Ballymahon, Co. Longford, where I learned the first rudiments in a hedge school, kept by one Peter MacCabe, of drunken memory; 1828 saw me in Rome, whence I returned in 1836, and had my first mission in Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow. Early in 1842, for the first time saw C. G. D., with whom I dined in Leinster Square, Rathmines, where I saw a gathering such as I may never hope to see again."

This gifted priest kept up a correspondence with his early political comrades long after the events in which they had taken part had passed into history. On April 7th, 1867, Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee was shot by an assassin as he was passing into his own house outside the City of Ottawa. As he left the Parliament house of the capital he posted to Father Meehan, one of his old colleagues, a copy of a document he had forwarded to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Earl of Mayo, pleading for the extension of the same rights to Ireland as had made Canada contented and prosperous. The document in due course reached Father Meehan, but its author had already been committed to the clay, "foully murdered, doubtless by some scoundrel of his own race."

Ralph Walsh.

"ERECTED to the memory of Ralph Walsh, late of 19 Parliament Street, who departed this life April 17th, 1867, aged 64 years."

Mr. Ralph Walsh was the father of His Grace the Most Rev. William Walsh, the present revered Archbishop of Dublin, and who, since and before his elevation to the Metropolitan See, in 1885, has given many and unmistakeable proofs of devotion to religion and Ireland.

Mr. Michael Gunn.

ON the 6th April, 1861, a disaster, involving the lives of three persons, took place at Portobello Bridge—the bridge spanning the Grand Canal, and connecting Dublin with the Rathmines district. Ascending the incline at this point the 'bus horses got restive, and backed the car and its occupants into the lock. Mr. Gunn was one of the three whose lives were lost on the melancholy occasion. Two others, related by marriage to O'Connell, likewise perished.

Susanna and Matilda O'Connell

FELL victims in the Portobello 'bus disaster on April 6th, 1861. Mr. Michael Gunn, whose son was lessee of the Gaiety Theatre, was another victim. Mrs. and Miss O'Connell were related to the Liberator. The inscription in Latin on the memorial reads: "De Profundis quibus casu vix deflendo familiæ et amicis decedebat hactenus surrexit in æternum surrectura cum filia pulchra pulchrior mater Susanna cum Matilda O'Connell, III Non. April, MDCCCLXI. "Lovely and comely in their life, even in death they are not divided."

Father Thaddous O'Malley

WAS a native of the diocese of Limerick, and was born in 1796. He entered the priesthood at an early age. He was an advocate of the introduction of the Poor-law into Ireland, notwithstanding O'Connell's denunciations; he also favoured the National system of Education, bringing himself into collision with Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam. Appointed by the Government to the Rectorship of the College of Malta, he soon relinquished the post and returned to Ireland. He advocated Federalism as against Repeal, and again came into contact with O'Connell, even starting a paper called the *Federalist* to support his opinions; along with Dr. Spratt, he exerted himself notably in endeavouring to effect a re-union between the disciples of O'Connell and O'Brien, but owing to John O'Connell's malign influence the negotiations failed. His relations with his ecclesiastical superiors became strained, and he retired into private life. Years afterwards, in 1870, he re-appeared, when his name was almost forgotten, as an adherent of the Home Rule movement, under Isaac Butt. Though a learned man, he was, according to John O'Leary, "a strange man—his head seems to have been mostly wrong, his heart not over right, and his conscience, if I am to judge, casuistical in the worst sense of the word." He died in 1877, aged 81 years.

Major Theobald Butler,

DIED 26th December, 1851, aged 66 years. His epitaph reminds one of Virgil's opening lines, "Arma virumque cano." "Having entered," it tells us, "the British army at an early date, he served under Sir John Moore, and, subsequently, under his Grace, the Duke of Wellington, through

the Peninsular War, for which he received a medal and seven clasps. He also received a second medal for being present at the memorable battle of Waterloo, in 1815. Latterly he devoted himself to the practices of those Christian virtues, which will be the means of procuring for him a happy eternity."

Dr. Thomas Nedley.

DR. NEDLEY and Father Healy, close friends in life, lie side by side in death. Dr. Nedley, who was in his 80th year when he died, was like his dead comrade, a famous wit and *raconteur*. He sometimes dropped into verse and held up to ridicule, in one poem at least, the despicable methods to which the proselytisers had recourse to gain "converts." "He is known," writes O'Donoghue in 'Dictionary of Irish Poets,' "as author of 'The Lower Castle Yard,' a popular Dublin song, and of other effusions. He was medical officer to the Dublin Metropolitan Police, and to the Board of National Education."

Father Healy

WAS the prototype in Dublin of "Father O'Flynn," in Donegal. He certainly did not "leave gaiety all to the laity." When he died P.P. of Ballybrack, late in October, 1894, there was general and genuine grief. The greater portion of his life was spent in Little Bray, where he had as a comrade in the curacy of the district the present Father Bourke, P.P., of Aughrim Street. He was beloved of rich and poor, and many are the stories extant in Bray of the sinuous methods to which he would resort to do "a good turn" without letting the recipient into the secret. He was welcomed in castle and cot; and an invitation

from the cottage oftener received precedence. Dublin Castle parties, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon's famous Howth Christmas reunions, were never complete without Father Healy, whose wit and good humour helped to soften down the acerbities which often divided the guests outside the zone of those social functions. He would saunter up to Thomas Street, fresh from the festivities of the Castle, dressed in clerical court costume, to visit his sister, who kept a small provision shop at No. 69 in that street, and renew acquaintances with his old and humble neighbours. Though often held up to banter by some national organs of opinion, he was Irish to the tips of his fingers, and Ireland's honour was safe in his hands and secure from assault.

Dr. William H. O'Leary, M.P.

FOR the brief period little Doctor O'Leary lived, he won a reputation and a popularity which made his early demise at the age of forty-two all the sadder. He won Drogheda for the Irish Home Rule cause against great odds, and his victory in a very doubtful constituency was hailed with delight. He excelled as a surgeon. His evidence in the Robert Kelly trial saved the prisoner's life. On the night of the 11th July, 1871, Talbot, a police spy, returning home, was fired at and wounded in Hardwicke Street, Dublin. He had wormed himself into the secrets of the Fenian organisation some years before—had even taken the oath of the Brotherhood, and used the information he thus obtained to give evidence against the Fenian prisoners, and secure their conviction. Kelly was arrested. The evidence against him was circumstantial. He was also charged with wounding a constable of police who pursued him. On this latter charge he was convicted. On the capital one of causing

the death of Talbot he was acquitted. For the defence, which was led by Isaac Butt, it was contended that Talbot did not die from the effects of the wound in the head at all, but from the futile efforts of the surgeons to extract the bullet, and the probing to which the patient was subjected to locate it. A great amount of medical evidence was given on each side of this notable case, but the clearest and most remarkable was that given by O'Leary. T. D. Sullivan has left us in "Green Leaves" a graphic description of how the doctor's evidence dispelled all doubts in the matter:—

The surgeons on the table,
 While Kelly's case was tried,
 As well as they were able
 Described how Talbot died.
 In language full of learning
 They told their story out,
 But men of true discerning
 Still shook their heads in doubt.

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Then full of force and fury
 The lawyers joined the fray,
 Before the court and jury
 Like Greeks they fought away ;
 The surgeons to confound them
 Took many a turn and twist,
 And quickly raised around them
 A scientific mist.

The public had grown weary
 Of watching how they fought,
 When William H. O'Leary
 Upon the scene was brought.
 Like sudden sunlight flowing
 Into a darkened place,
 So flashed his genius glowing
 Upon that clouded case.

His words, clear, bright, and ready,
Brought all the truth out plain,
His judgment, strong and steady,
Revealed a well-stored brain ;
All present there admitted
The proofs his skill supplied,
And when the chair he quitted
They knew how Talbot died.

O'Leary ! well and duly
You've won an honoured name ;
But all who knew you truly
Had long foretold your fame :
They knew in your possession
Were powers to bear you on,
Till of your grand profession
The topmost heights were won.

Dr. O'Leary's evidence was mainly relied on for the prisoner, and Butt dexterously made use of it in his address to the jury, and secured a verdict of "Not Guilty." O'Leary died 15th February, 1880.

Patrick O'Donnell.

IN May, 1882, the Phoenix Park tragedy took place, by which Thomas H. Burke, Under Secretary for Ireland, and Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new incoming Chief Secretary, lost their lives at the hands of the "Invincibles." James Carey, one of the principals in the plot, turned approver at their trial the following year. He was pardoned, and, under an assumed name, was deported by the Government to South Africa. Patrick O'Donnell secured a passage for the same voyage, and shot the informer on the 29th July, before he landed at Port Elizabeth from the steamer "Melrose." O'Donnell was arrested and brought back to England for trial. Notwithstanding the able defence set

up for him by his counsel, Sir Charles Russell and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, he was convicted, sentenced to death, and executed. The monument in the cemetery, sent from New York, states: "In memory of Patrick O'Donnell, who heroically gave up his life for Ireland, in London, England, on 17th December, 1883. Not tears, but prayers for the dead, who died for Ireland. This monument was erected by the grateful admirers of his heroism in the United States of America, through the *Irish World*, and forwarded by a Ladies' Committee of New York—Mrs. F. Byrne, Mrs. Maggie Halvey, Ellen A. Ford. R.I.P."

J. J. MacCarthy, M.R.I.A., R.H.A.

"PRAY for the soul of James Joseph MacCarthy, R.H.A., M.R.I.A., Architect, Professor of Architecture in the Catholic University of Ireland. Born January 6th, 1817. Died February 6th, 1882." Duffy praises him in "Young Ireland," p. 127, as "an eminent architect, who has built more Celtic churches than any man of Irish birth since the Goban Saer taught our ancestors to construct the Round Towers. He told me he caught the first impulse to revive the Irish Gothic in ecclesiastical buildings from the *Nation*." Among other edifices he designed the Dominican Church, St. Catherine's, Meath Street; Mount Argus, and the Star of the Sea, Sandymount, all in or near Dublin.

Timothy Harrington, M.P.,

COMMENCED life as a professor in a Dominican Seminary in Kerry, and graduated from teaching boys, into a public instructor as editor of the *Kerry Sentinel*. He threw himself into the land agitation, and was appointed an honorary

official of the Tralee Land League. This body was accused by the police of holding a "court," thereby acting illegally. Mr. Harrington, and several other suspected members of the League tribunal were prosecuted on this charge, and imprisoned under the Coercion Act. Davitt says of him, at this time, that "he was one of the many Land Leaguers who proved themselves, by marked ability and a courageous resistance to the local enemies of the people's cause, capable of filling higher positions in the national movement and in the public service." He was soon afterwards selected as an organiser, and made headway by a blunt, honest advocacy of the cause. In February, 1883, Harrington, who had been promoted to the position of joint secretary, made a speech at Mullingar "intimidatory" of land-grabbers, for which he was prosecuted, and sent to prison for two months. Nine days after he entered Mullingar jail he was elected member of Parliament for the county in which the "crime" had been committed. He became in after years a Town Councillor of the city of Dublin, and sat for three years successively in the mayoral chair of the capital. On the suppression of the Land League he had become secretary to the National League, and he secured the confidence of the party and the people. The offices of the League in O'Connell Street, under his management, were conducted with splendid business capacity and success, and the flattering title of "Organiser of Victory," bestowed upon him, was well won and well deserved. His decisions were respected and upheld throughout the various branches of the League in Ireland, and he wielded far more real authority in the country than could be claimed or exercised by the titular Chief Secretary in Dublin Castle. On the redistribution of seats in Ireland, Harrington was returned for the Harbour Division of the

city, and retained that seat till his death. In 1890 he was one of the delegation to the United States for the purpose of raising funds for the Home Rule struggle. During his absence the unfortunate O'Shea incident developed differences in the Irish Party. He decided to throw in his lot with Mr. Parnell—his colleagues on the mission reluctantly taking the opposite course. The mission was abandoned, and the delegates returned home. Harrington used all his influence in support of Mr. Parnell's claim to the leadership, and, after Mr. Parnell's death, remained a member of the party that had followed the fortunes of the old leader. After a while he felt, with many others, the futility of continuing the fratricidal strife, and was one of the principal movers towards a reunion in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary Party, which he lived to see happily accomplished. Against the advice of his medical attendant, he crossed to London to take part in a critical parliamentary division, and was seized with an illness that proved fatal some months later. He died at 70 Harcourt Street, Dublin, on the 12th March, 1910, at the age of 59 years.

John Kelly,

OF Tralee, was born in Bantry. With characteristic energy he threw himself into the Land League campaign. At the time of the "Split" he became one of the most energetic and undaunted of the followers of Parnell, as he had before that unlucky incident been one of the most inspiring speakers at Land League meetings. He suffered imprisonment as a "suspect" when Forster was Chief Secretary for Ireland. "It is hardly an exaggeration to say," says the leader-writer of *United Ireland*, in its

issue of April 18th, 1896, "that amongst the men who made the Land League, and the National League, and Plan of Campaign, and the Parnellite Party after the 'Split,' there was hardly one to compare with John Kelly for the self-sacrificing spirit in which he did what he considered his duty. He was always ready to go wherever he was sent. He feared no danger, and shirked no work. He met suffering and persecution with the spirit of a man to whom fortune's buffets and rewards were of equal consequence. No matter where you met him, at home or abroad, in joy or in sorrow, he was the same good and genial soul, whose kindly heart shone out of his eyes, let the wind blow whither it listeth. . . . While in Tralee he was imprisoned with others on the charge of holding 'illegal courts.' He was immured in Armagh jail for eight or nine months; in Dundalk jail for six months; and for his action in the Plan of Campaign agitation he served a sentence of several months in Clonmel jail. After a visit to Donegal in the interests of the agitation there, carried on, especially in the district of which Father McFadden was pastor, he was put in Derry jail for six months; and having afterwards gone to Tipperary, he got six months in Tullamore jail for a speech which he delivered in that county." The government took good care that his business as a draper in Tralee was ruined. To in some measure compensate him, he was appointed Organiser for the Land League. He was made a presentation of £500 by his admirers, and every farthing of the money he spent in the national movement. He died in the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital on the 13th April, 1896, at the age of 48. A poem on his death appeared in *United Ireland*, April 18th, 1896, which, for its pathos, attracted attention at the time. It was written by Mr. John McGrath, then of the *United*

Ireland staff, at present on the staff of the *Evening Telegraph* :—

You did not know him? Then you know not all
That nature in a happy mood can plan,
He was as brave a soul, and yet withal
As simple as the world e'er called a man.

He gave his life *to Ireland*. But no thought
That Ireland was his debtor spoiled the smile
That that true heart, unbuyable and unbought,
Had aye for every man of his dear isle.

For well nigh twenty years in North and South
His voice was known, his genial face was seen,
From East to West, from Clare right on to Louth—
To bring the Red to earth—to raise the Green.

Full many a man in all that time became
The patriot of a period, then dropped out—
But never was there roll-call that his name
Was not heard ringing in the answering shout.

True, genial, kindly soul, I wave *adieu*
As thy barque droppeth down the unknown sea ;
The wind is fair as ever wind that blew—
He steers for Port, John Kelly of Tralee.

No wonder a cross of Irish limestone—as solid and flawless as his own true Irish heart—was promptly raised to his memory in Glasnevin. There is also a splendid limestone and marble monument erected to his memory in the Market Square of Dundalk. Alas, that the reaper, “whose name is Death,” called him so soon away.

John O'Hagan.

O'HAGAN was born at Newry, Co. Down, in 1822. He was a friend of Davis's in Trinity College ; and when the *Nation* was started in 1842, he and his bosom-friend, John Edward Pigot, became intimately connected with the working of it, forming, with Duffy, Davis, and Dillon, "the inner council of five," who met weekly to discuss nationality and literature. "To its counsels," says Duffy, "he brought a rare insight and sagacity."

O'Hagan wrote under the pen-name of "Sliabh Cuilinn," and it is under this pseudonym his ballads appear in the "Spirit of the Nation." Mr. Martin MacDermott, in his "New Spirit of the Nation," gives him credit for five additional poems, not appearing in the first collection.

O'Hagan was called to the Irish Bar in 1842, and acted as junior counsel for his political friends in 1848. He married, in 1865, Lord O'Hagan's youngest daughter, and in 1881 he became, as Mr. Justice O'Hagan, chief of the Irish Land Commission.

He passed away on November 12th, 1890—"Faithful till death to God and Ireland."

P. J. Lawlor and Peter Murphy.

THIS monument is a reminder of the South African War, so disastrous in its consequences to the homes of those who fell in battle, from wounds, or from disease. "To the memory of Patrick J. Lawlor and Peter J. Murphy, orderlies of the Irish Hospital, who died in South Africa in the year 1900, of disease contracted in the discharge of their duty." The Red Cross painted on the monument is the emblem of the humane work in which they and their comrades were engaged.

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THIS is a monument entirely in the Irish Language, and requests a prayer for the repose of the soul of James Clarke, who died 24th May, 1853, aged 55 years; and of John, Daniel, and James, his sons, who died young.

Father Clarke, P.P., of Kilcullen, was the erector, and a son of James Clarke, whose name is first commemorated. In the stirring days of the Land League Father Clarke was one of the *soggarths* who stood by the people and suffered imprisonment under Forster's Chief Secretaryship, when Catholic curate in the town of Wicklow.

The Stowell Brothers'

MEMORIES are perpetuated in a beautiful Celtic Cross which their friends and associates erected. Richard Joseph Stowell's love of country got him penal imprisonment, which destroyed his weak frame, but could not extinguish his ardent aspirations for Ireland's freedom. Nine hours after his release from Naas jail his pure soul passed from earth to Heaven to receive the crown his stainless faith in life, and heroic fortitude in death, had won for him. The political martyrology of Ireland claimed him on the 26th May, 1867, in the twenty-second year of his age. Robert Francis, his younger brother, died on the 14th January, 1873, at 6 Eden Quay, Dublin—equally true and faithful to Ireland's cause.

Their mother, Mrs. Sarah Stowell (*née* O'Byrne), their eldest sister, Miss Annie B. T. Stowell, their father, Richard Stowell, their eldest brother, John Patrick, and Patrick O'Byrne, their uncle, also rest in graves adjoining, and are commemorated in the panels of the same cross—one in name and in fame, true to God, Ireland, and Freedom.

Constable O'Neill.

A gruesome-looking monument is that of Constable O'Neill of the metropolitan police. The lettering in red and black on the coffin-shaped memorial, sends a painful shivering through the reader. In the '66 troubles—on the 29th April—he “was assassinated in the execution of his duty.” The monument was erected “by his comrades to commemorate the melancholy event, and to mark their admiration of his gallant conduct, and the esteem in which he was held by every member of the service.” The event was melancholy ; the memorial makes it more melancholy still.

Edward Duffy,

A Fenian leader, was born at Ballaghadereen, Co. Mayo, in 1840. In 1863 he gave up a situation and devoted himself to spreading Fenian principles in Connaught, of which he was made organiser. The success of the movement in that province was largely due to his efforts. He was arrested in November, 1865, in company with James Stephens, at Fairfield House, Sandymount, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment, but was liberated on bail in January, 1866, in consequence of ill health. He again applied himself to the organisation, was re-arrested, and tried again, in May, 1867, and sentenced, on the 21st of that month, to fifteen years' penal servitude. In his speech from the dock he severely criticised the inaction of James Stephens in 1867. “In him,” says O'Leary, “an all-absorbing and overpowering fervour of devotion to the cause seems to have more than made up for the absence of any special knowledge,” though he admits his sister, Ellen, who knew Duffy much better, had a far higher opinion of his intelli-

gence and capacity. He died in Millbank Prison, 17th January, 1868, at the age of 29, and his remains were brought over to Dublin, and interred in Glasnevin. O'Donovan Rossa, a fellow-prisoner in Millbank, wrote a pathetic poem on his friend's untimely end the same night. His epitaph epitomises his career:—"Love of Ireland was the passion of his life, his brightest day-dream that he might die fighting for her freedom."

John D'Alton, M.R.I.A.

"Dermid, or Erin in the Days of Boru," a poem in twelve Cantos, London, 1814, was one of D'Alton's works, and O'Donoghue adds, in his "Dictionary of Irish Poets," that "that work was highly praised by Sir Walter Scott." Our authority adds that D'Alton was born at Beersville, county Westmeath, in 1792; that he graduated B.A. in Trinity in 1829. He became a barrister. He made various translations from the Gaelic Poets, editing also some important Irish books. The "History of Dundalk" was written in conjunction with J. R. O'Flanagan. Other works we owe to him are:—"History of Drogheda," "Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin," "History of the County Dublin," and "James II.'s Irish Army List" (1689). Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, in "The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade," vol. ii., p. 313, says "D'Alton's list is accurate, as far as it goes, but he took for his foundation-stone a tract, 'The Muster Roll of the Army of King James in Ireland,' which is incomplete, as it was compiled when many of the regiments possessed little more than a colonel and a name." Many of his translations from the Irish are in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy," 1831. He died in Dublin on January 20th, 1867. In one of his poems, "Oh! Erin," he laments

the fate that leaves the graves of Irish soldiers forgotten in foreign lands :—

“ Oh, Erin, in thine hour of need,
Thy warriors wander o’er the earth ;
For others’ liberties they bleed,
Nor guard the land that gave them birth ;
In foreign fields it is their doom,
To seek their fame—to find their tomb.

For them no friend of early days
A tear of kindred grief shall shed ;
Nor maiden’s prayer nor minstrel’s lays
Shall hallow their neglected bed.
They sleep beneath the silent stone,
To country lost—to fame unknown.”

John O’Hart,

AUTHOR of “Irish Pedigrees,” two vols. (Duffy & Co., Dublin), and “Irish Landed Gentry when Cromwell came to Ireland,” was born at Crossmolina, Co. Mayo, in December, 1824. Here he received his early education. Domestic disappointments necessitated his joining the constabulary force at Ballinrobe, whence he was transferred to a clerkship in the County Inspector’s office at Oughterard. The duties proved distasteful to him, and he left the service within two years. In 1845 he joined the National Board, and, after training, taught in the Co. Kildare. He was transferred to the school at Ringsend, where he graduated to be principal teacher. Here he commenced his “Pedigrees” and other works, and here until his retirement from the school he spent his life. His works are of great interest, and well annotated for the genealogical and historical student. They demonstrate an untiring industry and capacity for this class of literature. Wherever and whenever he could

get information he availed himself to the full of his opportunities. His knowledge of Irish, which he spoke fluently was an immense aid to him in his researches. His enthusiasm for his subject led him, sometimes, into strange flights of fancy. An example is that in which he "carefully," as he tells us, "exhibits the Royal 'Stem of Ireland,' from which the present Royal Family of England derives its lineal descent." He traced Queen Victoria's pedigree through "Niall of the Nine Hostages," "Cormac MacAirt," "Conn of the Hundred Battles," back to Heremon and—Adam! Her Majesty, acknowledging through her secretary, a copy of this work, displayed no emotion in O'Hart's endeavours to prove her kinship to her Irish subjects. Physically O'Hart was a fine specimen of the Western Irish Celt—athletic and well-built, and full of racy good humour. Even when harrassed with sallies from his friends on his alleged proclivities for royalty, he would defend himself with a smile of *nonchalance*, followed by a good hearty laugh, and an "Ah! well!" that broke or blunted the darts of his critics. He who wrote so many thousands of pedigrees, and made as many Irishmen proud of their ancestry, has his own tomb without a line to indicate that he has passed over to the majority. He died at Clontarf.

J. L. Dunbar's

TOMB is beside that of O'Hart. The inscription on his monument is a tribute to the esteem in which he was held:—"Erected by the cyclists and athletes of Ireland in memory of a sterling sportsman, athlete, and gentleman, John Leopold Dunbar, official handicapper, Irish Cyclists' Association, and editor of the *Irish Sportsman*, died 1st April, 1891, *æt.* 34."

John O'Donovan, LL.D.,

THE great Irish scholar, topographer, and antiquarian, was born in Attateemore, parish of Slieverue, Co. Kilkenny, in the year 1806. About 1822 he started a school in this district, but broke it up the following year, and removed to Dublin, where he stopped with a brother who had procured a situation in the city. Here he attended a Latin school during the next few years. In 1827 he got employment in the Public Record Office, through and under Mr. Hardiman, where his knowledge of Irish—the vernacular tongue with him—was for the first time called into requisition. From this he went as tutor to Mr. O'Reilly, Maryborough, where he stopped several months. Soon after 1830 O'Donovan got employment on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and it was part of his duty to investigate the names of places and their historical associations, and to determine the equivalent orthography in English of the Irish nomenclature. The results of these investigations are embodied in a series of letters, deposited in the Royal Irish Academy, Dawson Street, Dublin, bound up in volumes, and containing the most valuable information to be found on Irish topography. His knowledge of modern Irish led him by easy transition and scholarly equipment to a mastery of the older forms of the tongue, and this in later days enabled him to edit in such splendid detail the tomes of native literature that have shed light on the past history of Ireland. In 1847 he was called to the Bar, and elected a member of the Academy. On the establishment of the Queen's College, Belfast, he was appointed to a Chair of Irish History and Archæology, in which his lectures were distinguished by eloquence and erudition. For his great services to the cause of Irish Archæology he was honoured

with the degree of LL.D. by Trinity College. The honorary membership of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin was conferred upon him. The Cunningham Gold Medal of the Royal Irish Academy was awarded to him. Davis asked his aid, and procured his assistance, in correcting the proper names in Irish for a library edition of the "Spirit of the Nation," with music and illustrations. His grammar, his edition of the "Annals of Ireland," his labours on the transcription and translation of the Brehon laws laid the foundations for sound and scientific scholarship, and established his own position as a Master of Irish Philology and Archæology. On his Irish Grammar he spent seventeen years. It was commenced in the year 1828, and was continued, with various interruptions, until its publication in 1845. He visited every county in Ireland for materials to illustrate its dialectical sounds, examined reliable manuscripts for safe guidance in drawing grammatical rules, and secured the assistance of all who were competent to give him accurate information. O'Curry supplied him with many examples from ancient manuscripts and from the living language as then spoken in the West of Thomond, whilst Henthorn Todd assisted him in the composition and arrangement of its pages. It was the only scientific and really valuable work on Irish Grammar which had yet been produced.

O'Donovan edited for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Societies several ancient documents preserved among the manuscripts of the Royal Irish Academy, of Trinity College, Dublin, and of the Burgundian Library at Brussels. His greatest work was, however, his edition of the "Annala Rioghachta Eireann," or "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland," in seven volumes, 4to, which began to appear in 1848, and was completed in 1851. It consists of three

thousand printed pages, with an immense body of illustrative annotations. On the left pages are printed the original Irish text, and on the right the English translation. It is a history of Ireland in brief from the earliest period to the year 1616. The original text of the Annals was commenced on the 2nd June, 1632, in the convent of the Irish Franciscans in Donegal, overlooking the bay of the same name, and was finished in the same convent on the 10th August, 1636. Its four authors were: Teige O'Clery, called *Teige an Tsleibhe* (Teige of the Mountain), who, on joining the Franciscan Order, took in religion the name Michael; Conaire O'Clery, who did not belong to any religious order, and Cucogry, or Peregrine, O'Clery, who was head of the Tirconnell sept of his clann, but was dispossessed of his inheritance, "being a meere Irishman, and not of English or British descent or sirname." The fourth annalist was Ferfeasa O'Mulconry, of whom nothing is known except that he was a native of Roscommon. Their joint production was also designated by Colgan, "The Annals of the Four Masters," by which name the work is popularly known.

Through the exertions, mainly, of Sir William Wilde and Father C. P. Meehan, a Celtic cross to commemorate their herculean labours was erected at the apex of the triangular plot beside the junctions of Eccles street and the Berkeley road, facing the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital.

The first part of the Annals ending with the year 1171, Dr. O'Donovan caused to be printed from Dr. O'Connor's version, having first compared and corrected it with two manuscripts, one in the Royal Irish Academy, the other in Trinity College, Dublin. The text of the remaining portion, viz.:—that from 1172 to 1616, he derived from the *autograph* manuscript preserved in the R.I.A., and a second autograph copy in Trinity College. This great work of

O'Donovan was pronounced by competent authorities to be the most important contribution ever made to the early history of Ireland.

During the closing years of his life, O'Donovan was occupied, in conjunction with O'Curry, in preparing for the Press, under the superintendence of a Royal Commission, the ancient legal institutes of Ireland, known as the Brehon Laws.

O'Donovan was ill requited for his unparalleled labours; O'Curry fared not a whit better. The great scholar passed away at his residence in Marlborough Street, Dublin, on the 9th December, 1861, after a short illness; O'Curry followed him in a few months. A grief, national in character and intensity—not confined to Ireland—was evoked by O'Donovan's death, and one of the Irish bards—D'Arcy M'Gee—then in Montreal, thus raised his caoin :—

[WRITTEN IN JANUARY, 1862.]

Happy the life our scholar led
Among the living and the dead—

Loving—beloved—

'Mid precious tomes and gentle looks,
The best of men and best of books,
He daily moved.

Kings that were dead two thousand years,
Cross-bearing chiefs and pagan seers,
He knew them all ;

And bards, whose very harps were dust,
And saints, whose souls are with the just,
Came at his call.

For him the school refill'd the glen,
The green rath bore its fort again,
The Druid fled ;

Saint Kieran's *coarb* wrought and wrote,
Saint Brendan launch'd his daring boat,
And westward sped !

For him around Iona's shore,
 Cowl'd monks, like sea-birds, by the score,
 Were on the wing,
 For North or South, to take their way
 Where God's appointed errand lay,
 To clown or king.

.

O'er all low limits still his mind
 Soar'd catholic and unconfined,
 From malice free ;
 On Irish soil he only saw
 One state, one people, and one law,
 One destiny.

By a strange incongruity not a syllable of the language of Ireland, whose memorials the dead antiquary rescued from oblivion, and adorned by his genius, is inscribed on his tomb !

John Hogan,

THE Irish sculptor, was a native of Waterford, and having early displayed decided talents, was sent to Rome by some friends to acquire the art that made his name famous. In Rome he met Signor Gentili, afterwards a priest of the Order of Charity, who became interested in the young Irishman. The year was 1824. At Rome Hogan's first work in marble was an Italian Shepherd-boy. This was followed by "Eve" after the expulsion from Paradise. The originality and merits of the "Drunken Faun" were much admired by eminent sculptors, and enabled the young Irishman to continue his studies in the Eternal City. He was elected a member of the "Academy of the Virtuosi del Pantheon." On his return to Ireland in 1849, Hogan found that his fame had preceded him. Among the many

public monuments for which he received commission in his native land were the colossal statue of O'Connell in the City Hall, Dublin, representing the Liberator addressing the monster meeting at Mallow, on June 11th, 1843; Thomas Drummond, Under Secretary for Ireland, in the same place; the statue of Thomas Davis, in Mount Jerome Cemetery, Harold's Cross, Dublin, and that to the famous patriot-prelate, Dr. Doyle (J.K.L.), in Carlow Cathedral, the master-piece of his genius. O'Connell's statue came from his chisel warm with the injunctions of Davis:—

Chisel the likeness of The Chief,
Not in gaiety nor grief;
Change not by your art to stone
Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan.
Dark her tale, and none can tell
Its fearful chronicle so well.
Her frame is bent—her wounds are deep—
Who, like him, her woes can weep?

.
Let his statue rise as tall
And firm as a castle wall;
On his broad brow let there be
A type of Ireland's history;
Pious, generous, deep and warm,
Strong and changeful as a storm;
Let whole centuries of wrong
Upon his recollection throng!

One of Hogan's grandest conceptions was the exquisite statue of the Dead Christ, placed beneath the altar of the Catholic Church in Clarendon Street, off Grafton Street, Dublin, and is one of the most interesting objects of art adorning the city. In the parochial Catholic Church, Francis Street, is the Pieta, or figures of the Virgin and the Redeemer, of colossal size, executed in plaster. Of this

work an engraving, with a masterly description and eulogium from the pen of the Marchese Melchiori, a great authority in matters of critical task in fine arts, appeared in the *Ape Italiani* in the 'Forties of the 19th century.

It was Hogan who presented O'Connell with the National Repeal Cap at Mullaghmast, and in receiving it he said "he was honoured by such an offering from one of the most eminent sculptors in Europe." No monument marks his resting place. A broken slab, three feet by two, indicates where he lies—not far from the tomb of his early friend and adviser, Father Gentili. He died in Dublin, on March 27th, 1858, aged 58 years. A portrait of Hogan appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* in 1850.

Father Patrick Yorke, C.C.,

WAS a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and at the time of his death was connected with the Church of St. Agatha, North William Street. He was twenty-three years on the Mission, and officiated in Kilmeade, Co. Kildare, and Skerries, Co. Dublin. He was the fishermen's friend in the last-named curacy, and stood against the encroachment on their rights of "Seaweed" Hamilton. As a scholar he was no believer in Petrie's theory, ascribing the building of the Round Towers to a Christian origin, agreeing in this view with the learned Dr. Lanigan, who is buried in Finglas Cemetery. Father Yorke died on Holy Thursday, March 29th, 1888. His untiring labours for the preservation of the Irish language and the ancient memorials of Ireland, justly entitle his memory to the esteem of his country. An inscription in Irish and English on the cross commemorating him preserves this record of his services to Ireland.

Very Rev. Doctor A. Gentili,

“And having brought their ships to land, abandoning all things, they followed Him.”—*Luke* v. 11.

A native of Rome, was born on the 14th July, 1801. The son of a solicitor, he embraced the legal profession, and graduated Doctor in Canon and Civil Law in 1821. The death of his patron, the illustrious Cardinal Consalvi, three years later, changed Gentili's plans, and he retired, disappointed, from the law courts. His mind wavered on his next choice of a profession, until at last it was set at rest by an interview with the Abate Rosmini, then in Rome arranging for the foundation of the Institute of Charity. Gentili decided to join the Order. With this end in view, he studied Divinity under the Jesuit Fathers at the Collegio Romano, sojourning meantime as a boarder at the Irish College, where he had as a fellow-student Matthew Collier, years afterwards curate in Rathmines, and parish priest of St. Agatha's. Gentili was ordained in 1830, and then entered on his novitiate. At the end of four years he was sent to England to teach at Prior Park, where he spent three years, bringing his career down to the beginning of 1839. His zeal for recruits to his Order brought about a coolness between Dr. Baines, his bishop, and himself, and he was retired to Spetisbury, in Dorset, as chaplain to the Austin nuns. In December, 1838, the Order of Charity was formally approved of at Rome, and the succeeding year Gentili pronounced his vows. Called back to Italy, he remained in the Eternal City till 1840, when he returned to England as chaplain to Mr. Ambrose de Lisle of Grace Dieu, Leicestershire, and missionary apostolic to the neighbouring districts, where his labours were early rewarded by the reception of numerous converts into the Church. It was here that Father Gentili

met William George Ward, Fellow of Baliol, who introduced him to William Lockhart, then an under-graduate at Exeter College, and an intimate of Newman. He was also introduced to Newman, Pusey, and other leaders of the Oxford Tractarians. In 1843 Lockhart sought out Gentili, left the Anglican Church, and joined Gentili's Order. Two years later Newman followed his disciple's intrepid lead. From Grace Dieu Gentili went to Loughborough, where he introduced the Rosminian nuns, built the first college of the Order in England at Ratcliffe, and kept the missionary work well and successfully in hand. He first visited Ireland in September, 1845, when he was released by his superior from all local duties, and permitted to respond to any invitation for his spiritual ministrations.

He paid many other visits between 1845 and 1847, occupying on the occasion of his first visit the pulpit of the Jesuit Fathers in Gardiner Street, where he preached on behalf of the Christian Brothers Schools. In 1846 he again came to Dublin, and thence repaired to Waterford, where he advocated the cause of the Brothers' local schools. In September, 1847, his eloquent voice was raised in Gardiner Street Church in pleading their cause a second time; and in the Pro-Cathedral he made a great appeal for the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. At this time he gave a retreat at the newly-founded College of All Hallows, Drumcondra, and concluded the year's work in Ireland by an appeal on behalf of the city hospitals, "when he stirred his hearers to unprecedented acts of generosity." Those calls on his time did not interfere with the scope of his missionary work in England, where he preached in all the great centres of industry with a success unparalleled in those days. New burdens were placed on his shoulders when, on the recommendation of Rosmini, Cardinal Franzoni

entrusted him with the drawing up of a report on the feasibility of restoring the English Hierarchy to its old-world status. The personal thanks of his early associate at the Collegio Romano, who had now become Pope Pius IX., attested the success that attended Gentili's report and recommendations.

His last English mission was given at Bath early in 1848. He then set out for Ireland, where he proposed to inaugurate a course of missions similar to those he had been preaching in England. The parish church of St. Audoen's, High Street, Dublin, was the scene of an unwonted religious revival for thirty-five days, followed by equally successful missions at Rathmines, and St. John's Augustinian Church in Thomas Street. He was urged to defer his mission to the district in which the Augustinians minister, on the grounds that typhus was raging in it, and his health enfeebled by over-exertion, but he held firm to his intention. In the second week of the mission the dire malady attacked him, and within a fortnight his earthly pilgrimage closed at the Priory attached to the church. It was proposed to inter his remains at Ratcliffe, but Dublin claimed, and was accorded the honour of entombing them by the side of O'Connell, who had found rest in Glasnevin twelve months before. On Friday, September the 29th, 1848—three days after his death—the obsequies took place at St. Audoen's, and were participated in by a dense concourse of citizens. After the requiem the funeral procession, extending for three miles, moved towards the cemetery. Business in the city ceased until the last sad and solemn rites were over. His personality had a magnetic attraction for the Irish. He had also earned their gratitude for a sermon he delivered in 1847, at Cheadle, North Shields, for funds in aid of sufferers by the Irish famine.

His oratory was captivating, his action so graceful and true that on one occasion the principal of a Protestant School of design sent his pupils to the mission to observe it. His style was supported by "a tall, commanding presence, graceful carriage, modest bearing, a classic mould of feature, oval face, smooth complexion, soft blue eyes, eloquent of sympathy, raven locks, nervous lip, a rich deep-toned voice, admirably managed, all contributed to enhance the telling effect of his oratory."

Over the portal of the vault were inscribed on a slab, "Very Rev. Doctor A. Gentili, Priest of the Order of Charity. R.I.P." For years a pilgrimage was made to the grave of the sainted *soggarth*. His biretta, or priestly cap, that he wore in the pulpit, placed on his coffin, brought back to the memory of many who had listened to his eloquent tongue, the face and figure in life of this man of God. Within the vault, where his coffin may yet be seen, hangs a framed portrait of the dead priest. It is a copy of the original at Ratcliffe College "distinguishable by the side-long sweep of the clear eye, the mobile lips, ready to part in speech, and the perfect poise of head and hand." In Ireland, the Fathers of the Order of Charity owe their introduction to Father Gentili. Their first house at Upton, Co. Cork, was the outcome of the continuance of his Irish apostolate by Father Moses Furlong, and Fathers Rinolfi and Lockhart. Two other branch houses have been founded, viz., at Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, and Omeath, on the shores of Carlingford Lough, the latter establishment being the Novitiate of the Order.

P. V. Fitzpatrick,

TREASURER of the O'Connell Tribute, and an indefatigable worker by O'Connell's side, was interred on the 25th September, 1865, aged 74 years. It is stated on his epitaph that O'Connell entertained unbounded personal devotion for Fitzpatrick, not alone for his many endearing qualities, but also the deepest sense of gratitude to that devoted friend, whose wonderful popularity and singular ability sustained the Liberator in the working out of Catholic Emancipation. Not one of his colleagues was better acquainted with the inner life of O'Connell, or more shared his confidence. It was a life-long friendship between the two men—O'Connell corresponding frequently with him, not only on public matters, but on personal affairs. His father, Hugh Fitzpatrick, had incurred the wrath of Saurin, the Attorney-General, by publishing Scully's memorable statement of the Penal Laws which oppressed the Catholics, and a fine and a prison cell were the immediate results. This action of the government had a stimulating effect on the mind of the younger Fitzpatrick. He was alert on seizing every opportunity of advancing a cause that would crush out for ever the methods that made penal the publication of historic events. Meeting Sir David de Rose—a personal friend of O'Connell—in Nassau Street, P. V. Fitzpatrick listened with amazement to the daring proposition that his leader should come forward for Clare, despite the legal exclusion of all men of his religion. Rose had remembered that the sagacious John Keogh had often declared the Emancipation question would never be brought to an issue till some Catholic member-elect stood at the Bar of the House of Commons demanding his seat. Fitzpatrick hastened to O'Connell with the sug-

gestion, but the latter at first treated the matter coldly. Then—finding that Major McNamara declined to stand against his friend, Fitzgerald—O'Connell stepped into the breach, and his spirit-stirring address soon roused all Clare to the magnitude of the issue before the electors. The friendship between O'Connell and Fitzpatrick continued unbroken till death—the latter taking a last farewell of his chief at Folkestone as he embarked for Boulogne.

Dr. McKeever,

OF Cavendish Row, Dublin, was the medical adviser of the great Dr. Beagh, of the Society of Jesus, to whose memory a monument is raised in the Church of SS. Michael and John, Exchange Street, of which he became P.P. on the suppression of his Order. Dr. McKeever, as well as being a distinguished doctor, was held in high esteem by the Catholic leaders and writers of his day.

D. C. O'Keeffe

HAD a love stronger than death for the antiquities of his native Cashel. He left an injunction that a memorial typical of his country should be placed above his grave. "This monument, a restored copy of the ancient cross on the Rock of Cashel, was, in accordance with his wish, erected to his memory by his nephew, Stephen Martin Lanigan O'Keeffe, of Glenagyle, Co. Tipperary." O'Keeffe, whose residence was Richmond House, Templemore, died at the ripe old age of eighty-four.

Sir Simon Bradstreet,

INTERRED in the old O'Connell Circle, was a son of Sir Samuel Bradstreet, Recorder of, and Member for Dublin in the Irish Parliament, who subsequently became a judge of the Court of King's Bench. Sir Simon, though a Protestant, was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Catholic Association. A few days before his death he was received into the Catholic Church by Father Kennedy, C.C., of Clontarf. He died on the 25th October, 1853, three days before the demise of his life-long friend—the patriotic Lord Cloncurry.

Thomas Beakey,

ONE of O'Connell's oldest followers, was born in 1754, near Arklow, Co. Wicklow, and died 3rd October, 1850. He was, his monument tells us, a disciple of the Apostle of Temperance, and an ardent admirer and steadfast follower of the Liberator of Ireland. He was a member of the Catholic and a volunteer of the Repeal Association.

Joseph Denis Mullen

WAS a prominent member of the Catholic Association, and a confidant of O'Connell. His name appears in the "Private Correspondence of O'Connell," and in the "Life and Times of Lord Cloncurry," by W. J. Fitzpatrick. His death is given on the vault in which his remains are laid as the year 1852.

George Wyse

HELPED in compiling with his brother, Thomas, the "History of the Catholic Association." He was a Waterford man by birth. "Richard Sheil," says Gavan Duffy,

“excited public spirit from the tribune of the Corn Exchange—the Catholic Association’s ordinary place of meeting—by a passionate, persuasive rhetoric, which afterwards swayed a less sympathetic audience at Westminster, and Wyse, Woulfe, and others were busy in its counsels. But O’Connell was its life and soul.” (“Bird’s Eye-view of Irish History,” p. 238.)

James Cantwell,

OF 16 D’Olier Street, died 13th November, 1875, aged 57 years. “A fond father, a loving husband, and a sincere friend, a true patriot. His love of country was only second to his love of God.”

Such is James Cantwell’s epitaph—short but eloquent of his life’s work. Whilst O’Brien was making preparations in the south of Ireland for the contemplated rising in 1848, P. J. Smyth was left in charge of Dublin, but, writes Duffy, “without specific instructions, and ordered to act according to circumstances. Smyth, finding that his arrest had been decided on, resolved to make his way to Tipperary while it was still possible.” He left for Thurles in company with James Cantwell, a mercantile assistant, in the firm of Messrs. Kinahan, of the Carlisle Buildings (now the offices of the *Irish Independent*). “Cantwell,” notes Duffy, “was an intelligent and devoted Confederate.” At Mullinahone O’Brien said to Kickham, “Ring your bell,” and he seemed to brighten up, “when I sprang to the chapel-wall, which was about seven feet high, and got over it. I was soon relieved by some young men at the ringing, and rejoined O’Brien and Dillon, with whom I found three others, whose names I learned during the day—Patrick O’Donohue, James Cantwell, and James Stevens” (Stephens). When Smith O’Brien was laid to rest in Cahirmoyle cemetery,

Co. Limerick, Cantwell and Smyth took the initiative to have a statue erected to their chief's memory, and their action drew from Mr. T. D. Sullivan this appreciative paragraph :—

“To P. J. Smyth and to Mr. James Cantwell, one of the '48 men, formerly of the Co. Tipperary, and subsequently proprietor of the Star and Garter Hotel, D'Olier Street, Dublin, we owe it that a statue of William Smith O'Brien stands in one of the public places of the Irish capital. Many patriotic Irishmen contributed towards its erection; but to the initiative and energy of these two gentlemen is due the existence of that fine memorial to one of the truest and best of Irishmen.” (“Recollections of Irish Politics,” by T. D. Sullivan, p. 146.)

Cornelius MacLoughlin

Is buried in one of the vaults of the old O'Connell circle. In early life he was a United Irishman. His character was intrepid. Passing Kilmainham prison one day Arthur O'Connor, then confined there, threw out a manuscript which he requested MacLoughlin to get published. “If I find on perusal that it merits publication, I will,” was the answer. He took it home, read it, and got it printed. For acting thus he was brought before the Select Committee of the Irish House of Commons. When asked “Who got the pamphlet printed?” he boldly answered “It was I.”

“Why did you do so?”

“Because I approved of the principles contained in it,” whereupon Castlereagh said “That's a brave fellow! We won't inflict any punishment upon him.” (O'Neill Daunt's “Recollections of O'Connell.”)

MacLoughlin became an adherent of O'Connell, and gave £100 towards the Clare election expenses. When the victor returned to Dublin from London, after refusing to take the oath at Westminster, MacLoughlin subscribed £500 to a national tribute to him. "Up to this date (1828), O'Connell had served the people without fee or reward" ("Life of O'Connell," T. C. Luby, p. 476).

Laurence Waldron, M.P.,

REPRESENTED Tipperary in Parliament. He was also representative of many other interests besides those of his constituents. He was a director of the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway (now the Dublin South-Eastern), and a Commissioner of National Education. His son was elected to Parliament as a Home Ruler for the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin, but retired from the representation, and was then succeeded by Mr. Brady, the present sitting member. Mr. Waldron, sen., died in 1875.

James O'Connor, M.P.,

WHO was elected member for West Wicklow in 1892, is interred on the borders of the old O'Connell circle. A Fenian of the old school, he was arrested in 1865 for his connection with the *Irish People*, the organ of the revolutionary movement of that day. He was arraigned on a charge of treason-felony, and sentenced to several years penal servitude, which he spent in the prisons of Portland and Dartmoor. On his release O'Connor received an appointment on the staff of the Dublin *Irishman*, then the property of Richard Pigott, who afterwards became notorious in connection with the forged letters which he supplied the *Times*. Mr. Pigott, when O'Connor joined the paper, was above suspicion, and

his newspapers, the *Irishman* and the *Flag of Ireland* were the accredited organs of the advanced party in Ireland. Mr. O'Connor was editor of the *Shamrock*—a weekly literary magazine, also published from Pigott's offices in Lower Abbey Street. On the transfer of these newspapers to the Irish National Publishing Company, comprising Parnell, Egan, and others, Mr. O'Connor's services were retained, and later, on the suspension of the *Irishman*, he was appointed, under William O'Brien, to a post on *United Ireland*. When this paper became Parnellite, he was appointed editor of the *Weekly National Press*, and on the latter being amalgamated with the *Freeman*, O'Connor's services were retained. Mr. O'Connor was a close friend of Charles J. Kickham, and it was in his house the patriot author died.

A fearful calamity befell Mr. O'Connor's family on the 30th June, 1890, when his wife and four children were accidentally poisoned by diseased mussels, at Seapoint, Co. Dublin. The monument in Glasnevin, raised by public subscription, chronicles this sad domestic affliction, and his own demise, which occurred on the 12th March, 1910.

John Donegan.

A well-known name in pre-Emancipation days and afterwards was that of John Donegan, the jeweller, of Dame Street, and whose memory is still preserved in the firm of which he was the founder. He died on the 18th November, 1862, aged 68 years. His epitaph—"a munificent benefactor to religion"—is a modest summary of a good Irishman's life.

The silver crucifix that stood at the top of the bier of Terence Bellew MacManus when his remains lay at the

Mechanics Institute, previous to their interment in Glasnevin, was the gift of Donegan for that melancholy, but memorable, occasion. It became the property of Miss MacManus, who returned to the States when all that was mortal of her dead patriot-brother was committed to Irish earth.

Father James Gaffney

WAS accidentally killed from being thrown out of his trap at Sutton, near Howth, on the 4th January, 1876, in the 52nd year of his age, and the 25th spent in the sacred ministry. Catholic curate at Coolock, he devoted his spare time to Irish historical research, and was a member of the Royal Irish Academy. The cross over his grave was erected by his friends as a memento of their respect and affection for a zealous priest, a warm-hearted friend, and an accomplished scholar.

One of his principal works—"The Ancient Irish Church"—is a scholarly treatise on the unbroken connection of Ireland with the Chair of Peter, from the days of St. Patrick to our own.

Richard Michael Levey

WAS Director of Music at the Theatre Royal for the long term of forty-three years, and closed his life at Violet-hill, Dalkey, on the 28th June, 1899. The inscription on his tomb quotes the eulogistic, but merited, compliment—"he was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Rev. Robert Campbell, M.A.

AMONG the many who, with Dr. Newman, seceded from the Established Church, was the Rev. Robert Campbell, M.A., then Canon of Saint Minian's, Perth. He came

over to Ireland, and became Head Master of the Catholic University School, Waterford, and subsequently classical tutor in the Catholic University, Dublin. He died in 1887, at the age of 63, and to commemorate his kindness of heart, great learning, and many sacrifices for the Faith, his pupils and friends erected the symbol of salvation above his grave.

Michael J. Seery's

MEMORY is preserved in the panel of a Celtic Cross, which his friends and associates erected to him. All too short was Seery's life ; but he utilised the span of life assigned him to win over adherents to Irish Nationality, and permeate them with some of his own fervid enthusiasm. He died on the 1st September, 1890, at the early age of twenty-six. He had already done practical work as an earnest worker in the Young Ireland Society, in the National Monuments Committee, and the Gaelic Athletic Association. In fact every national movement having the uplifting of Ireland as its goal had the warm energies of his young heart to support, quicken, and elevate its working. The memorial to his memory was unveiled by his friend and political associate, the late Mr. P. N. Fitzgerald, Cork.

John Hooper,

AT one time Nationalist Member of Parliament for South-East Cork, was a journalist by profession. He first joined the Cork Press, and then came to Dublin as a member of the staff of the *Freeman's Journal*, becoming later on editor of the *Evening Telegraph*. He took a great interest in Irish literary movements, and was held in the highest esteem. His death took place when he was fifty-one, on the 20th November, 1897.

John (Amnesty) Nolan.

A monument, capped with a copy of the Cross of Cong, brings back to memory the humane efforts of John Nolan to rouse public opinion in Ireland for the release of the political prisoners. A prominent Fenian himself, he felt for the sufferings of his comrades, and organised the great amnesty meeting at Cabra, Phibsborough, Dublin, for their release. Two hundred thousand persons were present at this wonderful demonstration on the 10th October, 1869. Butt was the leader, but Nolan was his principal lieutenant; and the latter exerted immense influence in Dublin in the later 'Sixties and 'Seventies. Davitt relates in "The Fall of Feudalism" an extraordinary ingenious and daring *ruse* to which Nolan had recourse to replenish the funds of the revolutionary party. It was decided, on Nolan's proposition, to ask the Lord Lieutenant to lend his patronage to a concert ostensibly for benevolent purposes. Earl Spencer consented. "All Dublin wended its way to the Exhibition Building. . . . thousands were unable to purchase admission. At four in the afternoon the Viceregal party arrived, and were received by Nolan, Patrick Egan, and other local Fenian leaders, the bands playing "God Save the Queen," as in duty bound on such an occasion. "The Red Earl," as Spencer was called, "was delighted with his reception, and expressed to Mr. Nolan his appreciation of the warmth of the welcome extended to Lady Spencer and himself. Everything passed off without a hitch, and the proceeds over all expenses added some five hundred pounds to the funds of the revolutionary movement in Dublin." Amnesty Nolan, who was connected in business with M'Swiney, Delany and Co.'s large drapery establishment, left Dublin for New York in 1872, and died in St. Vincent's Hospital, in that city, in 1887.

Michael Davitt's gratitude for Nolan's work was displayed by the erection of the monument already mentioned, and on which he caused this inscription to be placed:—
"To the memory of John Amnesty Nolan, died St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, 1887, who, as organiser of the great National Movement for the release of Irish Political Prisoners (1870-1887), aided so splendidly the late Mr. Isaac Butt in his co-ordinate work of founding the Home Rule Organisation. Erected as an humble tribute of gratitude by one whom he helped to release from England's prisons, and who honours the memory of a true soldier of Irish liberty. R.I.P. God save Ireland."

**Stephen O'Donohoe, Thomas Farrell, and
Terence Byrne.**

THE Rising of the Irish Republican Brotherhood in Ireland, long promised and often deferred, came off at Tallaght, near Dublin, on the morning of the 6th March, 1867. Spasmodic attempts at insurrection were made at other places and other times throughout the country, but there was no large concentration of men at any one point, and evidently no preconcerted plan of campaign among the leaders. The government had already seized and imprisoned some of the most trusted of the leaders, and, in addition, they had spies and informers who apprised them of every move in the organisation. Gallant but isolated efforts were made here and there, and personal bravery, and even heroism, were displayed, but the want of any central directing authority, and a sufficient supply of arms and ammunition soon showed the hopelessness of continuing the unequal fight. The movement gradually fizzled out, and the usual aftermath of state prosecutions, death sentences, and penal servitude followed.

The climatic conditions at Tallaght on that morning were unfavourable and depressing. Snow had fallen heavily the previous night, and on the Dublin mountains it was several feet deep. Nevertheless a large body of men came out from the city, and a stand was made against a government force sent out to oppose them. In this conflict Stephen O'Donohoe was killed, and a comrade, Thomas Farrell, mortally injured. The insurgents broke up into detached parties and had some brisk and successful skirmishes with the constabulary in the surrounding districts.

The memorial cross bears the names of Stephen O'Donohoe and Thomas Farrell, who died the same night from his wounds, and the name of Terence Byrne, who was sentenced to penal servitude, four years of which he served. On his release he volunteered in the brigade that was raised to fight on the French side in the Franco-German War of 1870-71. His imprisonment, however, had told on him, and he died on the 24th May, 1871, and was buried here with his comrades who fell at Tallaght.

Judge Keogh,

WHOSE name carries with it the memory of public pledges shamelessly broken, was in early life a pressman and a barrister, and "an ambitious unsettled young man." At the general election of 1847 he bought his way into Parliament at the expense of a Mr. Attwood, a Birmingham banker with a financial craze, for which he recruited supporters at his personal cost. At the Irish Bar Keogh was known as a man of considerable brains, and no knowledge of law, but who had unbounded reliance on his resources of a political strategist to win the prizes of his profession.

without the ordinary equipment or service. He was a ready and vigorous speaker, and Parliament estimated his ability and his character at their respective value. He was by birth a Catholic, but had scoffed so systematically at Catholic feeling that his new zeal for the Church was a marvel of audacity. In personal appearance he was a man of middle age, well made, and with a head and figure which his admirers were accustomed to tell him resembled those of the first Napoleon. Added to this appearance and these qualifications, he had the art of concealing, under the guise of patriotism, his own ambitious designs. Such is a pen-picture and an estimate of Keogh at the age of thirty-five, taken by a contemporary writer who followed the renegade's career with daily-increased suspicion. It was said of him that "he could coax the birds off the bushes." In 1851 the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was passed. As member for the borough of Athlone, he had contested its passage through Parliament, and his strenuous Catholicism in the debates secured him the favour of most of the prelates, a good many of the priesthood, and a fair representation of the Irish people. An agitation for the repeal of the Act was started in Dublin, and an Association set on foot with that object. Keogh was at once an ultra-Catholic and an ardent Tenant-righter. His speeches in Dublin, Athlone, and Cork were hailed with delight, and any tendency to call his declarations into question was met by him with pronouncements that reassured the doubtful or wavering. He was, however, more than suspected by the national leaders. Keogh continued to counteract any impression their opposition might arouse by a reiteration of national sentiments, and an appeal to his record. He called God to witness the honesty of his intentions, and told his auditors at Athlone, in October, 1851, that he knew the

road he was taking would not lead to preferment. At Cork, in 1852, he was equally emphatic and equally re-assuring. At the end of the same year, and to the amazement of the country, Keogh took office as Solicitor-General for Ireland on the fall of the Derby and the rise of the Aberdeen administration. An attempt by the National Party to prevent his re-election to Parliament failed—the prelates and the constituencies condoned his treachery and that of his friends. The Independent Party in Parliament was disrupted and broken, and Duffy went into exile. Keogh's transition to the Bench was only a matter of time. A few years afterwards he was found with all the zeal of the pervert presiding, as Mr. Justice Keogh, over the trials of the Fenian prisoners. From November 27th, 1865, until February 2nd, 1866, he tried and sentenced over thirty prisoners for treason-felony, and he lectured them on the enormity of the crime they had committed. Again, in 1867, Judge Keogh presided at the trial of General Thomas Francis Burke, in Green Street, Dublin. The trial was invested with more than ordinary interest on account of the rank of the prisoner, the nature of the evidence adduced against him, and the partiality and bias of his judges. On the other hand, the General had on his side the matchless eloquence and energy of his counsel, Isaac Butt and Sir Colman O'Loughlin. Burke was a native of Fethard, Co. Tipperary, and had emigrated, while still a boy, with his parents to the United States. On the breaking out of the Civil War in the States Burke threw in his lot with the Confederate cause, and rose to the rank of Brevet-General. On the conclusion of this struggle Burke placed his sword at the disposal of the Fenian leaders, and came to Ireland to take part in the Rising. Seeing, at Tipperary, the uselessness of opposing an unarmed body of men to fully-equipped soldiers, he

advised his followers to disperse. He himself was thrown from his horse, arrested, brought to Dublin for trial, convicted, and sentenced to death. His speech on the 27th April, 1867, was manly and dignified; it was tensely dramatic when he invoked on the informer, Massey's head, the fearful malediction that Eve prayed might come on Cain :—

“ May the grass wither from thy feet ! the woods
Deny thee shelter ! earth a home ! the dust
A grave ! the sun his light ! and Heaven her God.”

Burke justified his action of rebellion by the declaration that “ Ireland's children are not, never were, and never will be willing or submissive slaves ; and so long as England's flag covers an inch of Irish soil, just so long will they believe it to be a divine right to conspire, imagine and devise means to hurl it from power, and to erect in its stead the God-like structure of self-government.” Burke was not executed. His American citizenship saved him from the doom to which Keogh consigned him, and eventually secured his unconditional release. Throughout his judicial career Keogh never lost an opportunity of displaying the hatred he felt for the opinions and the cause he had once so eloquently championed and as heartlessly betrayed ; “ from the safe asylum of the bench he covered the Irish bishops, and all that he had pretended to love, with his scorn and contumely.” At the trial of the Galway election petition, in 1872, he presided, and this gave the public an opportunity of witnessing the different depths to which the traitor from principle can descend. His “ judgment ” sent Dr. Duggan for trial, and evicted a national representative from Parliament. The bishop was acquitted ; Captain Nolan became member subsequently for the same county.

The people paid the expenses incident to the election and the trial. The judge ended his days from wounds, self-inflicted, on the 30th September, 1878, at the age of sixty-one. It was a dire retribution. The *Nation* of A. M. Sullivan criticised his political and judicial career with incisive candour, and closed a leading article with an aspiration that was sustained in Ireland with many a fervent Amen: "Ireland has had enough of him. May she never see his like again!"

Canon O'Hanlon.

VERY REV. JOHN CANON O'HANLON was P.P. of the "Star of the Sea" Church, Sandymount, for twenty-five years, dying on the 15th May, 1905, at the age of 84. He was born at Stradbally, Queen's County, April 30th, 1821, and was confirmed by the celebrated Dr. Doyle. He was educated here and at Ballyroan, and spent two years in Carlow College. In 1842 he went with some friends to Quebec, proceeding thence to the United States. His experiences in the States are told in his "Life and Scenes in Missouri." He was ordained by Archbishop Kenrick in 1847, and returned to Ireland in 1853, where he was assigned a curacy in St. Michael and John's, Lower Exchange Street, Dublin, having as a colleague the distinguished Father Meehan. Canon O'Hanlon's name will be chiefly remembered by his "Lives of the Irish Saints," to which all his leisure time was devoted. He also wrote a very voluminous "Irish-American History of the United States," which contains a good deal of miscellaneous information, and is illustrated by portraits of the Presidents of the Republic. It was published in 1903. He also wrote a history of his native county, which, on his death, was completed in 1907, by Father O'Leary, P.P., Portarlington.

A bust of the Canon is placed in the parish church of Sandymount, and a memorial tablet contains epitaphs in Irish and English.

It was Father O'Hanlon who married James Stephens, the celebrated Head-Centre of the Fenians, to Miss Hopper, in 1863, at the St. Michael and John's Presbytery.

William Ford.

WHEN the lawyers attended, on January 3rd, 1844, before the Clerk of the Crown to strike the jury that was to try O'Connell and his fellow-traversers, it was found that after the list had passed into the hands of the sheriff *sixty names had mysteriously disappeared*. The chiefs and underlings of the Castle had already made preparations for O'Connell's conviction. Ford, a solicitor for the traversers, immediately exclaimed—"There has been an infamous tampering with the list," and counsel for the traversers contended that the Crown could not properly proceed to strike a jury from so defective a panel. Yet the trial proceeded, and the jury, selected according to the Castle's own heart, returned the required verdict of "guilty." Ireland was only a small nationality, and no nation in Europe, or elsewhere, would ever have dreamt that England would use her power to prison a leader who all his life-time was advocating agitation within the limits of her own laws. An appeal was successfully made to the House of Lords. There was no telegraphy; no wireless messages in those days. Ford hastened from London to Holyhead to carry to Ireland the news that the Liberator was liberated. At Holyhead he boarded the steamer "Medusa," and on the evening of the 15th September, 1844, he reached the pier at Kingstown, where thousands waited "in anxious expectation" the arrival of the old and

honoured attorney." "Free, Free! the Liberator free!" cried Ford, and the waves of old Dunleary were silenced at the shouts of applause that greeted the old Irishman's welcome words. The engine of the train that carried Ford to Dublin was bedecked with flags. He at once made his way to Richmond jail, and, on entering O'Connell's rooms, he threw himself into his chief's arms with all the delight of a schoolboy bringing home his first-won prize, exclaiming: "Released! on the merits—on the merits—no technicalities at all—nothing but the merits."

Ford died at Kilcairn, Navan, and was buried at Glasnevin, on the 6th June, 1860.

John W. Walshe.

"AFTER my return from America, in December, 1878," writes Davitt in "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland," "I visited most parts of my native county (Mayo), and portions of Connemara and North Galway, in company with Mr. John W. Walshe, of Balla, county Mayo. In this tour I had opportunities of meeting all the local leaders, and those of the priests who took an active interest in national politics." As a result of this visit, Davitt took counsel with his friends, and all agreed to hold a meeting in Irishtown to protest against a then threatened eviction of the tenants of Quinaltagh by, above all others, a Catholic clergyman—the Rev. Geoffrey Canon Burke. "The task of collecting an audience," continues Davitt, "was left in the hands of Messrs. Nally, Walshe, J. P. Quinn, and a few others, while I undertook to find speakers, and prepare the necessary resolutions." The meeting was a success, and the Canon capitulated.

The Irishtown meeting began the magnificent series of

meetings in the west of Ireland, which proclaimed the death-knell of feudalism in Ireland. The government took action against the organisers and speakers at these gatherings, and a State Trial was the sequence. Mr. Walshe was indicted, with fourteen other traversers, in nineteen counts, which could have been briefly reduced to two charges, viz. :—(1) of frightening the land-grabber; (2) for advising the Irish tenant to hold a firm grip of his homestead and his harvest. Fanny Parnell had fired the serfs to action by her impassioned verses, as the traversers had by their fiery speeches, and her poem "Hold the Harvest," was put in evidence against them :—

"Three hundred years your crops have sprung,
By murdered corpses fed :
Your butchered sires, your famished sires,
For ghastly compost spread ;
Their bones have fertilized your fields,
Their blood has fallen like rain ;
They died that ye might eat and live—
God ! have they died in vain ? "

On January 26th, 1881, the jury, on returning to court, announced that they could not agree to a verdict. But one of the jury cried out "There were ten of us for an acquittal."

The Land League, baptised by a State Trial, waxed strong in power and influence, and there was at once a call from the scattered remnants of the Irish race to send them some man from the old country to tell them what to do. One of those appeals came from Australia, and John W. Walshe was sent out in response on an organising mission. He was met in Melbourne, in 1881, by prominent Irishmen, and, in 1882, his success was so pronounced that it became necessary for the executive body of the Land League in

Ireland to send him out some auxiliary help. Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P. for New Ross, was selected, and, in company with his brother, undertook an organising tour in the Antipodes. Walshe joined them on arrival, and brought them over the ground he had already well fallowed. The Park tragedy interfered with their mission, and Walshe and the Messrs. Redmond had to weather the storm until the virtuous indignation of the English faction in Australia was appeased. On November 7th, 1883, an official report of a League convention in Melbourne gave testimony of Walshe's successful work—the pioneer, as he is termed in the report—of the movement under the Southern Cross. The Land League had in the interval been proclaimed in Ireland. The Ladies' Land League stepped into the *bearna baoghail*—the gap of danger—and Walshe, through this heroic-feminine organisation, collected £1,000 during a tour in the colonies. Mr. John Redmond paid tribute to Walshe's labours:—"Probably no one would ever know the labour which Mr. Walshe had devoted to the work which brought him to Australia. He was a man of an unobtrusive, retiring disposition, but he worked hard and quietly, and without his co-operation they would never have had the slightest chance of succeeding as they had done." From this time till 1904 Mr. Walshe made the city of Sydney his home. But his heart was in Ireland:—

"The alien land may have gems and gold,
Sorrows may never have dimmed it,
But the heart will sigh for the absent land
Where the love-lights first illum'd it."

And he came back to his native land. Most of those who had taken part with him in the historic struggle in the West, and had unfurled the banner of "The Land for the People,"

had passed away. He had reached an advanced age when the summons of death came. "Though in delicate health for some years," says the *Evening Telegraph*, "he was—especially on fine days—to be seen in O'Connell Street, moving slowly, but in absolute possession of faculties which had always been alert and active." On Thursday, 11th February, 1915, Mr. Walshe entered Wynne's hotel, Lower Abbey Street, where he was very well known, and engaged a room. He then went to the smoke room, and inquired for Mr. McKenna, a County Councillor for county Meath, and after waiting some time said he would stay up no longer. A hotel assistant helped him to his room, and noticed that he appeared very weak. Mr. Walshe then said he would undress himself, and the attendant bade him "good-night." In the morning when an employee of the hotel went to call him, Mr. Walshe was found on the bed still dressed, as he had been left the evening before. Life was extinct. A few friends intimately acquainted with the fine old Irishman met to celebrate his obsequies, and to commit his body to Irish earth, which in life he had loved with all the warm impulsive energies of the western Celt.

Thomas Stanislaus Clery

WAS born in Dublin about 1851. For a time he was proprietor of the North Star Hotel in his native city, but he relinquished a commercial for a journalistic career. "Twitterings at Twilight" was his most ambitious work, and revealed a mind full of the beauties of nature, and alive to the realities of Irish life, which he pictured vividly in prose and verse, not unmixed with humour. He was a constant contributor to the Dublin Press, and his articles as "Free Lance," in the *Weekly Irish Times*, were a

special feature of that journal. His elegy on the death of Parnell showed the trend of his political views, and was distributed along the funeral procession on that memorable October Sunday. He was also one of the honorary secretaries to the Irish Political Prisoners Aid Society in 1891. His death took place in Ennis when he was writing up the beauties and attractions of the scenery along the Shannon. In private life he was the essence of good company, and interpreted to his own accompaniment, his own compositions to the delight of his listeners.

Dr. Campion, M.D.,

WAS a contributor to the *Irish People* of the Fenian era in the 'Sixties, under the *nom de plume*, "The Kilkenny Man," but, says O'Leary, "after some two or three contributions, he signed himself 'Spes,' and wrote under that name to the end." He had already written largely, and mostly for the *Nation*, and other papers. Dr. Campion, on the same authority, "gave the *Irish People* splendid service all along, both in prose and verse, and whatever else he may, or may not have been, he was at least always Irish of the Irish." His "Insurgent Chief of the Wicklow Mountains," gives a stirring account of the stand which the brave outlaw, Michael Dwyer, made against the British soldiery long after the Rising of '98 had been quenched and quelled in blood in the neighbouring counties.

Michael Lambert,

A veteran of the '67 revolutionary movement, was, up to a few years ago, one of the few survivors in Dublin of those who took a prominent part in that enterprise. On the night of the 24th November, 1865, James Stephens,

the Fenian leader, escaped from Richmond Prison (now the Wellington Barracks). The late Mr. John Breslin, an infirmary warder, and Mr. Byrne, an assistant warder, deserve almost all the credit for this dramatic escape. Breslin made an impression in wax of the key that opened the lock of the cell where Stephens was immured, and brought it to Lambert, who deftly fashioned the duplicate that set Stephens at liberty. A chosen body of men, among whom was Lambert, under the command of Colonel Thomas Kelly, awaited outside the prison to facilitate the rescue. John Devoy, subsequently of Land League fame, also participated in this daring act. Lambert was wont to speak with delight of his part in the transaction. For years previous to his death he was engaged in the mathematical instrument department of the College of Science. Some friends, who were at the Rising in Tallaght, came back from the States to revisit the scene. Lambert accompanied them with alacrity, but the fatigue, incident to the uphill journey, proved fatal to his weak constitution, and a homely, honest Irishman, who had fought the good fight, passed on to the better land.

Brian O'Looney, M.R.I.A.,

SUCCEEDED Eugene O'Curry as Professor of the Irish Language and Literature at the Catholic University, Dublin. In early life he had become attached to the fortunes of O'Brien, and was in his company at Ballingarry, on the day of the abortive rising. O'Looney contributed to the Ossianic Society, and was editor of "Tir na-N-óg," which forms part of the third volume of its publications. He also collected and edited a number of poems in Irish in praise of the MacDonnells of Clare, which was printed for private

circulation. He had great gifts as an *seanachaidhe*, or story-teller, and could draw on a resourceful mind to embellish or illucidate a story, or confound an adversary. On the collapse of the Catholic University, his occupation was gone, and he ceased to have any practical connection thenceforth with Irish literature. He continued, however, to be an honorary secretary of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language till his death at Crumlin, Dublin, in December, 1901, being one of the earliest members of that body on its foundation in 1877, but his work was purely administrative. He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy. To an Ireland in which Irish literature received the status to which it is entitled, O'Looney could have given efficient service, but like many a man of talent, he had no opportunities of displaying his undoubted capacity, and there were no incentives to stimulate it. He was a thorough type of the Dalcassian Celt, with a well-knit frame, a face brimful of good humour, a fine speaker of the Irish language, and loyal and devoted to his friends—as he was to the memory of his early friend and patron—William Smith O'Brien.

Matthew F. Hughes,

OR “CONACIENSIS,” as he signed his contributions, was a Dublin man, born at 24 Aungier Street in the year 1834. His father was a medical practitioner in the city, but his son—the future poet and patriot—was brought up to the tailoring business, at which he worked to within a couple of years before his death. Failing health compelled him to stop work, and were it not for a devoted sister, with whom he resided, and the constancy of one or two friends, his lot would have been much less endurable. “Many writers,

at least of good verse, we had," says John O'Leary, of *Irish People* fame, "and notably a writer calling himself 'Conaciensis,' who gave us many thoughtful contributions;" and O'Leary adds in a foot—"His real name was Matthew F. Hughes, as I learned by a visit from the poor fellow (then in great distress), somewhat over a year ago, and shortly before his death." The late Mr. John McCall was one of his trusty friends, and remembered him in death as well as in life. It was he who erected the simple and graceful monument which marks the poet's grave, and which bears the inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of Matthew Francis Hughes,
20 York Street, Dublin, Pure Patriot and Poet; 'Conaciensis' of the *Nation*, *Irish People*, *Lady's Almanac*, etc.,
who died March 17th, 1895. May he rest in peace.
Amen."

"When my poor body dies,
Like all things mortal,
And in the cold grave lies
Within death's portal;
Who will guard my little rhymes
From decay in future times?

—CONACIENSIS."

In a memoir of the poet, written a few years after his death, and printed in the *Irish Emerald*, Mr. John McCall says, with reference to this inscription:—"As 'Conaciensis' was one of the men of '67, and poet of their organ, the *Irish People*, I wished particularly to have the word 'Fenian' inscribed on the monument. But the Catholic Cemeteries very quickly intimated to me that they would not allow such an objectionable word to be inscribed on the stone, and after many fruitless remonstrances on my part, I was obliged to submit. The proudest title that

could be conferred on an Irishman could not be given him, only some such words as 'advanced nationalist,' or 'pure patriot,' could be allowed. I chose the latter, chiefly on account of its pleasing alliteration ; but it is much to be regretted that the most distinguishing characteristic of Hughes should be thus barred by the powers that be." This action of the Cemeteries Committee in banning the word "Fenian" from the national monuments in Glasnevin was in keeping with its record. They prevented the memorial to Stephen O'Donohoe, who fell at Tallaght, from being erected for years because it contained the same historical reference, pharasaically oblivious to the declaration of Gladstone, that the fall of the Established Church in Ireland was due to the intensity of Fenianism. This effete and non-representative body had in the end to bow to the national will. Fenians, like Hughes, could they come to life, would start with surprise at the present-day appreciation of their heroic conduct. The Rev. Dr. D. Dineen, P.P., Charleville, in a paper read at the Maynooth Union, in June, 1915, Cardinal Logue presiding, thus estimated how well and wisely the Fenians loved Ireland: "Referring to the young men of '67," he said "theirs was folly, if they would, but it was folly, almost transfigured, and one was forced to bow one's head in reverence before the pathos and the grandeur of it all. The stricken corpse of a '67 man radiated more wisdom, more dignity, more vitality, more inspiration, more helpful national energy than the other up-to-date Irishman could compass in the full stature of his palpitating manhood."

A volume of Hughes' poems was published by subscription, and his monument lies to the north of Parnell's grave, in the "Dublin Section, D8 45."

Patrick Somers, M.P.

IN O'Connell's declining days, and after his death, his incapable and untrustworthy sons were allowed to nominate candidates for Parliament. Somers was one of these. He sought re-election for Sligo in 1847. He was not the representative of any Irish sentiment or interest. He was a henchman of Lord Palmerston, and the mob from this nobleman's estate in the county was his chief reliance on the polling day. In "Four Years of Irish History," we read that "Somers was simply one of the mercenaries serving in a small band of personal adherents, recruited by Lord Palmerston, and to be a member of Parliament, was the pursuit by which he lived. The Sligo Repealers, weary of the discredit of his name, sent an address to Conciliation Hall, signed by over a hundred electors, asking for a suitable candidate. But their request was repulsed. Maurice O'Connell declared he would go down on his knees to secure the election of his friend Somers; and with the help of a vigorous mob, and the support of Lord Palmerston's tenantry, he obtained his election."

A few years afterwards—in 1852—his constituents determined to dispense with his services, and political life knew him no more. He is buried in the Garden Section of the cemetery, but there is no monument to his memory, and W. J. Fitzpatrick predicted, without laying any special claims to the gift of prophecy, that it was not likely there would be.

Garrett Michael Byrne, M.P.,

OF Carriglea Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, was a candidate for the representation of the Co. Wexford, at the general election of 1880. Sir George Bowyer and the

Chevalier O'Clery had been the joint members for the county from 1874, but had not distinguished themselves in Parliament except by giving a yearly vote to Isaac Butt's innocent proposal for the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into the Parliamentary Relations between Great Britain and Ireland. Parnell entered Parliament in 1875. Bowyer and O'Clery could not be got to offend the "tone of the House" by participation in the "Obstruction" policy, and their seats were marked out for assault at the first available opportunity. When the time came Bowyer thought discretion the better part of valour, and retired; but O'Clery decided to fight it out. A meeting was held at Enniscorthy, at which Parnell attended, with the two candidates selected to advance his policy, viz.—Mr. John Barry and Mr. Garrett Byrne. O'Clery and his friends captured the platform from which Parnell had proposed to address his supporters. A desperate fight ensued for its possession. "Mr. Parnell," says Davitt, "showed great courage, advancing to the platform at the head of his smaller force, and climbing up the steps, despite physical attempts to pull him down. These efforts failed; but no sooner had he gained the level of the structure, where a reverend gentleman commanded, than he was seized by his opponents with the intention of flinging him off. He clung to the side railing of the platform, being struck repeatedly, while men from below seized his legs, ripping one side of his trousers open from the boot to the waist. Here his friends, led by Mr. James O'Kelly, Mr. John E. Redmond, Mr. T. M. Healy, Dr. Cardiff, and others, succeeded in forming a body-guard round him, and in protecting him from further violence." A blow, aimed with deadly intent, was struck at Parnell, but Mr. Hall of the *Freeman* seized the weapon before it left the hands of its owner. The meeting was

finally broken up by Mr. Parnell's assailants, and the Enniscorthy railway station was reached with difficulty for the return journey to Dublin. At first it was intended to organise Wexford county with a view to holding a great demonstration of protest, in the Abbey, Enniscorthy, against the insult offered to Parnell, and to promote the candidature of Barry and Byrne. Better counsels, however, prevailed, and it was decided to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the electors, and let them deal at the polls with the pretensions of O'Clery and his followers. This course proved to be sound, wise, and successful. When the result of the poll was declared, Barry headed the list, Byrne came second with 2,979 votes, and O'Clery came in a bad third, with the support of only 457 electors—thus terminating his parliamentary career. This was one of the remarkable incidents of the memorable general election of 1880, which gave Parnell's policy the stamp of national approval. Byrne was returned for his native county, Wicklow, at the following election, and continued to represent it till his death in 1892. The inscription on his monument is as follows:—"Of your charity pray for the soul of Garrett Michael Byrne, M.P. for Wexford and West Wicklow from 1880 to 1892. Born 17th September, 1829. Died 3rd March, 1897. Merciful Jesus give eternal rest to his soul."

Very Rev. Canon James Monks, P.P.

RUSKIN is the greatest authority on art in these islands, and when he visited Dublin and inspected its architectural claims to notice, he singled out the Catholic Church of St. Audoen's, High Street, as an edifice worthy of its sacred purposes. The visitor is impressed on entering it with its

stately proportions, its lofty flat roof and spacious floor, unimpeded by pillars, giving an uninterrupted view of the high altar from all points. Father Monks's name is connected with its foundation. "To the memory of the Very Rev. Canon James Monks, P.P., St. Audoen's, and Prebendary of Timothan, who departed this life on the 7th day of May, 1855, aged 66 years. May he rest in peace. Amen. This monument was erected by a few of his parishioners and friends in testimony of their admiration of his zeal and piety, and of his extraordinary exertions in the erection of the new and beautiful Church of St. Audoen's, High Street, Dublin. *Pulchrum ædificii, amavi Domine, et locum habitationis gloriæ tuæ.*"—"The beauty of Thy House I have loved, O Lord, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

It was in this church that the remains of the saintly Dr. Gentili lay before they were brought in solemn funeral procession to their final resting place in Glasnevin.

P. J. Murray, B.L.,

WAS editor of the "Irish Quarterly Review," on which he had as one of his colleagues, Mr.—in after years, Sir John T. Gilbert. Mr. Murray afterwards became Director of Convict Prisons and Inspector of Reformatory Schools. Kennedy, dedicating his "Banks of the Boro," wrote to him: "Please accept this picture of country life, which I offer to you in memory of your kind encouragement of my literary efforts during the nine years' existence of the 'Irish Quarterly Review.' Your patriotic support of that National Journal for so long a period, and your successful efforts in the cause of reformatory schools, well deserve the

gratitude of everyone of your countrymen ; but you have a peculiar claim upon mine for many important personal services." Murray's useful life terminated when he was fifty (1823-1873).

Familia Augustinianorum.

A cross, with the words "Sub hoc signo salutis," carved on the arms, marks the burial place of the followers of St. Augustine, whose fine church is situate in Thomas Street. The most prominent of those of the Order here interred was Father O'Connor, who became Bishop of Saldes, through the recommendation of Dr. Doyle (J.K.L.). Right Rev. Dr. Daniel O'Connor, O.S.A., Bishop of Saldes, and the Bishop of Kildare, belonged to the same religious community—the Augustinians. They were early and lifelong friends. To Father O'Connor, then Prior of the Augustinian Convent, Cork, Dr. Doyle announced the confirmation by the Holy See of his election to the bishopric of Kildare. Throughout J.K.L.'s life O'Connor was one of his attached correspondents, and the consecrated Augustinian gave his former brother in religion advice on matters relating to the affairs of the Order when it was threatened with extinction by the speeches of Peel. On the 12th June, 1834, O'Connor called at Braganza to take his last leave of the bishop. "I had," says Dr. O'Connor, "just been appointed to the episcopacy through his exertions, but without my knowledge. He recommended me to the Holy See through Dr. Murray, the Archbishop of Dublin. Dr. Doyle, having been educated in Portugal, was very anxious to promote the mission in the East Indies, and when the opportunity occurred, he fixed on me, *proprio motu*, and felt gratified that an Irish Augustinian

should be the first Roman Catholic Bishop in British India. I knew nothing of the matter until the Bulls were presented to me." Dr. O'Connor attributed the success of the mission of Madras to J.K.L.'s dying blessing given at Braganza, three days before he died. The epitaph of Dr. O'Connor is thus inscribed :—"Hic sepulta jacent ossa venerabilia Revdmi, Danielis O'Connor, D.D., O.S.A., Episcopi Saldensis. Obiit Dublinii, die 19 Julii, 1867, ætatis 81."

The Irish Franciscans.

"THE Burial Ground of the Franciscan Community, Merchants' Quay, Dublin," is marked by a large and beautiful cross, inscribed "1896," the date the plot was acquired. The names of the deceased members of the Order are not recorded. The plot lies to the west of the Mortuary Chapel. The Irish Franciscans have ever been identified with the Irish nation; their brethren on the shores of Donegal Bay collected, more than two hundred and eighty years ago, the manuscript materials from which they compiled the famous "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland." Translated and annotated by Dr. O'Donovan, they form an inexhaustible source of information from which historians, poets, antiquarians, and topographers have drawn as from a well of illimitable depth and purity. True to the link that binds the Order to Ireland, their priory at Merchants' Quay ("Adam and Eve's"), contains a fine library of Irish manuscripts, and alongside is their Church, which is a favourite place of worship in the religious life of Dublin.

The Dominicans.

F.F. SS. Salvatoris Dublinii Ord. præd. quor corpora sub-
tus requiescunt. Underneath are the remains of the
Dominican Fathers who died in the Convent of St. Saviour,
Dublin.

Situated in the same portion of the cemetery as that
sacred to the memory of the Irish Franciscans, this plot
of ground contains such once well-remembered members
of the Order as Fathers Hickey, Wheeler, Towers, etc.

Father Thomas N. Burke, O.P.—the celebrated orator
and preacher—is interred at Tallaght, outside Dublin, in
the Church attached to the novitiate of the Order. In
1868, on the removal of the remains of O'Connell from
their first resting place to the Tower Circle, Father
Burke's eloquent tongue traced the career of O'Connell
as the champion of civil and religious liberty in Great
Britain and Ireland.

The Society of Jesus.

“ I.H.S.

“ A.M.D.G.

“PRAY for the departed members of the Society of Jesus.
R.I.P.” There are two plots in Glasnevin Cemetery set
apart for the departed members of the followers of St.
Ignatius de Loyola. The first and older plot lies beside
the Carmelites of Whitefriar Street. Four small slabs record
the names of the deceased members, setting out their
status in the Order under the several heads: Sacerdotes,
Coadjutores, Scholastici. The venerable Father Bartholomew
Esmonde, S.J., is the principal name here engraved, and

his death is recorded as taking place on Christmas Eve, 1862. He came of a patriotic and valiant Irish stock. His father was one of the brave, the faithful, and the few who rose against British rule in Ireland in 1798, and was executed in that year for a night attack on the military barrack at Prosperous, Co. Kildare. The monument to John Fisher Murray is situate at the back of this plot.

The second, larger and newer plot is in St. Brigid's ground to the west of the Mortuary Chapel, where lie the remains of other celebrated priests, scholars, and preachers of the Order. A massive cross bears the inscription: "Orate pro defunctis Patribus et Fratribus Societatis Jesu." Under its shadow repose Fathers Hayden, Nocton, the Fathers Kelly, Father O'Carroll, Father Connée, and many more clergymen of the Order, who once eloquently occupied the pulpit in Upper Gardiner Street, gave light and leading to the literary life of Dublin, or developed the talent of the alumni of University or Belvidere Colleges, or at their chief centre of education in Ireland—Clongowes Wood College. Among their members

Father Matt Russell's

name deserves special attention for the number of years he conducted the *Irish Monthly*, and the galaxy of writers he gathered around him during a period of forty years. Yeates, Belloc, Oscar Wilde, Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), Dora Sigerson Shorter, Mary and Alice Furlong, Nora Tynan O'Mahony, are some of the names that first found outlet and encouragement for their writings through the medium of Father Russell's journal. Father Russell was born at Killowen, Co. Down, on the 13th July, 1834, and educated at Castleknock, near Dublin, by the Vincentians.

His brother, Charles, afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen, and Chief Justice of England, attained great celebrity at the Bar, notably in his masterly and successful defence of Parnell against the charges preferred against him and the Irish Parliamentary Party by the *Times*. The Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth College, was his uncle. Father Russell was ordained in 1864, in John's Lane Chapel. From 1873, when he first published the *Irish Monthly*, until his death, he was the main spring of all its work, and its literary success may entirely be placed to his wise zeal and constant vigilance. He announced not many years ago in its "Notes" column the pride he felt in having discovered the grave of Miss Hutton, the fiancée of Thomas Davis, and he claimed for her name as tender a niche in Irish memory as that which is so reverently accorded to Sarah Curran. Miss Hutton's remains were interred in St. George's burial ground, situated on the Whitworth Road, Drumcondra. No writer of any mark, especially if his subject were at all Irish, was ever passed unheeded in the reviews of this ever-energetic and painstaking little journal. Its career ran as pleasantly and serenely along as the life of Father Matt himself—"brimful of truth, and hope, and love." Besides the editing of the *Irish Monthly*, he found time to add many devotional works to literature in prose and poetry. Three of Father Russell's sisters became nuns, and his "Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell" is an account of the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy in California. At his death, on the 12th September, 1912, Father Russell was completing a work which would have given the world a nearer glimpse into their home lives, and that of their brother, Lord Russell, who pre-deceased him by a few years,

The Christian Brothers.

“IN memory of deceased members of the Religious Congregation of Christian Brothers here interred, particularly the late Rev. Director of St. Patrick's, Manchester, Brother William Francis Phelan, to commemorate whose virtues displayed during a long career of usefulness in that city, his admirers and former pupils have erected this cross. Died 7th December, 1868, aged 78 years. Requiescant in Pace.”

Many names, once well-known in the educational life of Ireland, “each in his narrow cell for ever laid,” are here brought to mind again: Br. J. Stanislaus O’Flanagan, who died 5th March, 1906, aged 75; Br. Wm. Aloysius Swan, died 5th March, 1911, aged 77; Br. Cornelius F. Clifford, died 4th June, 1899, aged 75 years. Forty-two names in all appear on the slabs—most of whom taught in the schools of the Order in Dublin. This plot lies to the east of the Tower. In another plot to the west Brother Fitzpatrick is interred. He was a ripe scholar of the modern Irish language, and the grammar which he prepared for the Brothers’ schools is the best and safest guide to a knowledge of the living language yet printed. Its handling of the “Autonomous Verb”—a chapter supplied by Canon O’Leary, P.P.—is the first scientific treatment this hitherto obscure phase of Irish grammar has yet received.

Mater Decor Carmeli.

“BURIAL place of the Calced Carmelites, Whitefriar Street, R.I.P.” Thirty-three names are inscribed on the memorial erected to their memories. They include Fr. John Spratt,

who died 27th May, 1871, of whose career a separate notice occurs in these pages, and who is interred in the Tower Circle. It also commemorates Father Patrick L. O'Toole, who died 4th May, 1894, aged 58 years, author of a history of the Clann O'Toole and Clann O'Byrne, which contains much useful information about these warlike septs, whose ancient patrimony lies in the district embraced by the present Co. Wicklow.

William Rooney.

O Eire ! too, betimes, the foe has found you
 With not a note of joy upon your lips,
 The stillness of things past and gone around you,
 Before you, fell eclipse.

He deems you dead till some electric warning
 Thrills through your frame—and lo ! your
 trance is done,
 Your heart is set to hear the march of morning,
 Your eye awaits the sun.

On a Mountain—WILLIAM ROONEY.

AT the north-east corner of the cemetery, away from the perplexing confusion of monuments competing for notice from the living on the ruins of the dead, passing "the sculptured urn, the mimic bust, the grave in pomp arrayed," in a scene suited to the solemn quietness of the surroundings, lies all that was mortal of William Rooney, Poet, Author, and Patriot. He is buried among his own, and the touching simplicity of the tombs that encircle his resting place are in appropriate keeping with the name under which he wrote, and by which he is best remembered—*Fear na Muintir*—"One of the People." Near the crest

of the hills that rise from the storied waters of the Tolka, "hasting to pay her tribute to the sea, like mortal life to meet eternity," he has found an ideal place of sepulture, in a smaller setting than that which D'Alton Williams described in Munster, where

The hills with their green-clad bosoms
Roll up from the river's breast.

Here his friends reared a cross of Celtic design to his memory, and inscribed his epitaph in the language dear to his heart:—

William O'Maolmuanaigh
(Fear na Mumtine)
Fíle, ughair, Tíri-Šriáduigcheóir
Rugadh
Deireadh-Fógmair 20, 1873,
Fuair bair Bealtaine 6, 1901.
Tíocair De ar a anam.

Another monument immediately beside that to Rooney records the name of Patrick O'Reilly, who knew the poet through life, and, perchance, may have helped to fashion the mode and manner of thought of his young friend:—

"Díliir do Dúia agur o'Éiríe—Tógta ag cáiríob
agur com-bháirtíeacáib an Comairleoria Páoruis
O'Ragallais (l. c. b.) Rugadh Máirta a gao, 1846;
o'éas Bealtaine a gao, 1906. Beannaét Dé le
n-a anam."

William Rooney's span of life was brief, but he compressed into thirteen years—from the age of fifteen to

twenty-eight—work for Ireland that has secured for his memory a firm and affectionate hold on the minds of his countrymen. A pupil of the Christian Brothers Schools in Strand Street, Dublin, he availed himself to the full of all that was taught there, and for a briefer period in the Richmond Street Schools of that Order. But it was outside of the schools, and in the quiet, enjoyable seclusion of home, and books that he acquired and stored up the knowledge that gave his writings a maturity ere he had reached manhood himself.

In boyhood's years he became a member of the Irish Fireside Club, at which essays on Irish subjects took priority, whilst a class, under the direction of Mr. R. J. O'Mulrennin, gave the members their first lessons in the Irish language. In June, 1891, Rooney's first verses appeared in *United Ireland*, and, in the following year, the Leinster Literary Society found in him an enthusiastic supporter. The Leinster was succeeded by the Celtic Society, with Rooney as its first president, and to this society he was devotedly attached until illness and death prostrated him. To the *Seanachaidhe*, its manuscript journal, the *Shamrock*, and *United Ireland*, his earliest contributions were made, and later still he gave to the *Northern Patriot* and the *Shan Van Vocht* (Sean Bean Voct), both published in Belfast, many more writings in prose and verse. He became connected with the Young Ireland League, which popularised visits to places of historic interest; and as a member of the '98 Centenary Committee, he laboured with heart and hand to make the celebration of that great upheaval against the hereditary foe worthy of the men who planned and led it. Some of his own spirited lines, "Ninety-Eight," ring like an alarm peal from a belfry calling the clans to battle:—

Still forms, grey dust ; blank stones in Dublin city,
 A grave in green Kildare,
 And many a grassy mound that moves our pity
 O'er Erin everywhere ;

Cave Hill, above the Lagan's noises, rearing
 Her shaggy head in pride ;
 Lone Ednavady's brow, and Antrim staring
 Across Lough Neagh's rough tide ;

Killala still her weary watch maintaining
 Beside the ocean's boom,
 And Castlebar in faithful guard remaining
 Around the Frenchmen's tomb ;

Ross, Wexford, Gorey, Oulart, Tubberneering,
 And many a Wicklow glen
 That knew the dauntless souls and hearts unfearing
 Of Dwyer and all his men—

These, through a hundred years of gloom and doubting,
 Speak trumpet-toned to-day
 Above the cry of creed and factions shouting,
 To tread the olden way.

Rooney's poetry also places on record the name of Mary Doyle, the heroine of New Ross, to whose magnificent courage Father Kavanagh attributes the success of the Irish forces in their fight with the British soldiers in the same historic period. This and "Hi Breasail" were his last poems. Leinster, Connacht, Munster, and Ulster are reminded of the part they played in the past, and the incentives that should urge their children to emulate and keep unquenched the enthusiasm that made hope in the future never die in Ireland :—

There is a magic in a mountain crest
 That keeps the old soul of a land secure,
 And whispers of the past to every breast
 That wanders Glenmalure.

And—

I asked my heart if each generation
That marched to honour, and found red graves
Gave all their valour to build a nation
Of white-souled, bloodless, contented slaves.

For Connacht especially Rooney kept a warm corner in his heart. And little wonder. It is essentially the heir to all the old-time traditions of Ireland, for these scions of a tender, brave, and generous stock, martyrs in the battle of centuries for the right to exist in their own land have preserved their love of land, liberty, and language with a tenacity that a succession of cruel persecutions has never loosened nor relaxed.

The vast store of information contained in the notes to the “Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland” Rooney placed under tribute for many of his compositions. It suggested to him the lines on the burial place of Maeve, the heroine-queen of Connacht; and “Roilig na Riog” on Cruachain, near Elphin, the burial ground of the high-chiefs of that province, and many other poems and ballads:—

Oh! countless are the sons of Conn who slumber
’Neath the grass-grown burial rings;
And the cairns crushed to powder by the feet of Ages
On Cruachain of the Kings.

Howth, Killiney, the grave of King Niall on Tibradden, near Rathfarnham, Tara of the Kings, Columcille in exile, Dromceat of Derry, Owen Roe O’Neill, the surprise and defeat of the English at Ballineety by Sarsfield, and the capture of their cannon, the rout of the ancient Britons at Ballyellis, are places, personages, and events he brings before our minds with a felicity of diction that, to adapt

Channing's words, "carries the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life ; lifts it into a purer element ; and breathes into it more profound and generous emotion."

"The Priest of Adergool," an incident of Humbert's arrival in the West, won for Rooney the '98 Centenary Prize, awarded by the *Weekly Freeman* for the best narrative poem of that period.

From the founding of the *United Irishman* in 1899 until his death he was a constant contributor to its columns. He wrote the notes under the heading "All Ireland" for two years for this journal. About a year before his death the sadly-impressive "Impiety—a Request," appeared in *United Ireland*. It was translated from the Irish of Dr. Douglas Hyde. On the day of his funeral it brought solemn reflections to the minds of his mourners ;—

In that last dark hour when my bed I lie on,
 My narrow bed of the deal board bare ;
 My kin and neighbours around me standing,
 And Death's broad wing on the thickening air,
 In that awful moment, O King Eternal,
 Who lists alike to the lord and thrall,
 Dower me with strength in Thy Sacred Presence,
 Exile me not from thy heavenly hall.

When night shall fall and my day is over,
 And Death's pale symbol shall chill my face,
 When heart and hand thrill no more responsive,
 O Lord and Saviour, regard my case !
 When swing the gates of The Mystery open,
 And o'er the border I take my way.
 Lord, to Thy mercy I leave my spirit,
 Pity me, pity me, Lord, I pray !

When the dread page of my mind is opened,
When life's sad lapsings at last lie bare,
And Sacred Justice the evil measures
Of all the errors recorded there,
When the grim Angel reveals the purpose
Of every action that marked my path,
O Lord remember thine own temptation,
Nor scourge my soul with eternal wrath !

The funeral took place on the Wednesday immediately succeeding his demise from his late residence in Leinster Avenue, North Strand. The coffin, covered with wreaths, was followed by the members of the Celtic Literary Society, deputations from Gaelic League branches, National, Literary, and other societies. When the clay closed in on the newly-made grave, and the last prayers for the eternal repose of his soul were said, a meeting was held in the waiting-room of the cemetery, and it was unanimously agreed to perpetuate his memory by the erection of a memorial cross, and collecting and publishing his writings. Both resolutions were carried into effect. This year of 1915, on the fourteenth anniversary of his passing, flowers were tenderly and lovingly strewn on his grave by admirers who marched in procession to the cemetery to reverence his memory, and show that some still in Ireland hold fast and true to the cause and the principles for which, let us pray, he did not live and labour in vain.

* * *

THE memory of the dead has always been held in tender reverence in Ireland. "God's acre" has ever been regarded with special veneration by the Irish people. The cairn, the dun, the rath, and the keep still proclaim how true and how deep that affection was in the past. The

last hours of the dying Irish exile were saddened by the reflection that his dust would not commingle with his own kindred in the old churchyard at home. When Glasnevin Cemetery was first opened it was found necessary to erect embrasured towers at the angles to guard the newly-buried against desecration from the ghouls who sought to exhume the bodies and sell them for dissecting purposes. Bloodshed resulted at times from the conflicts that took place between these marauders and the sentinels, or "Dead Watchers" of the towers. The law, at last, interposed, and the dead were allowed to rest in peace. At the first entrance to the cemetery by the wicket gate on the Finglas road there is one of those structures. The visitor, on entering at this point, will observe a grass-green sward, 180 feet by 150 feet, bordered with evergreens, but without any memorial in stone. In this plot were interred nearly one thousand victims of the cholera, who perished in the month of January of 1867.

In another plot, now reserved for flowers, and further on the right, lie the remains of those who fell by the small-pox epidemic of 1872. Neither of those plots have been disturbed in the intervening years—they are sacred and inviolable. Around the Curran section the vast number of 11,357 interments took place in the year 1849, the greatest number ever interred in one year in the grounds. This heavy mortality was mainly due to cholera after the great famine.

The Committee of the Dublin Cemeteries have borne in mind the traditional love of the Irish for the departed of their race. The magnificent intersecting walks stretch in long parallel lines the length and breadth of the cemetery, and on the leading paths the yew trees have been gracefully entwined in clustered arches, giving an air of im-

pressive sombreness to the scene. The shrubs, in rich profusion, with tints of varying green and gold, relieve the funereal aspect, and the landscape gardener's art has pruned and fashioned trees and plants into leafy memorials that soothe the anguish of the living and beautify this consecrated home of the dead.

Riches and honours were open to many of Ireland's sons who repose in this Valhalla of the Nation, had they elected to tread less thorny paths, or distinguish their lives by deserting their principles, but, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "they had the will to do and the soul to dare." They preferred to throw in their lot with the fate and fortunes of their country, and to abide the result, whatever chance might betide them. For this their names are treasured in grateful recollection, and their epitaphs written in the hearts of their countrymen :—

Dying they left a lofty name,
A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame.

Their dust has made Glasnevin the inspiration and the goal of many a pilgrimage from distant lands where the Celt has found a home and liberty. As he enters its precincts memories re-awaken within his mind the injunction of Holy Writ in the olden days : "Take off your shoes, for the ground upon which you tread is holy." *Requiem æternum dona eis, Domine. Et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

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